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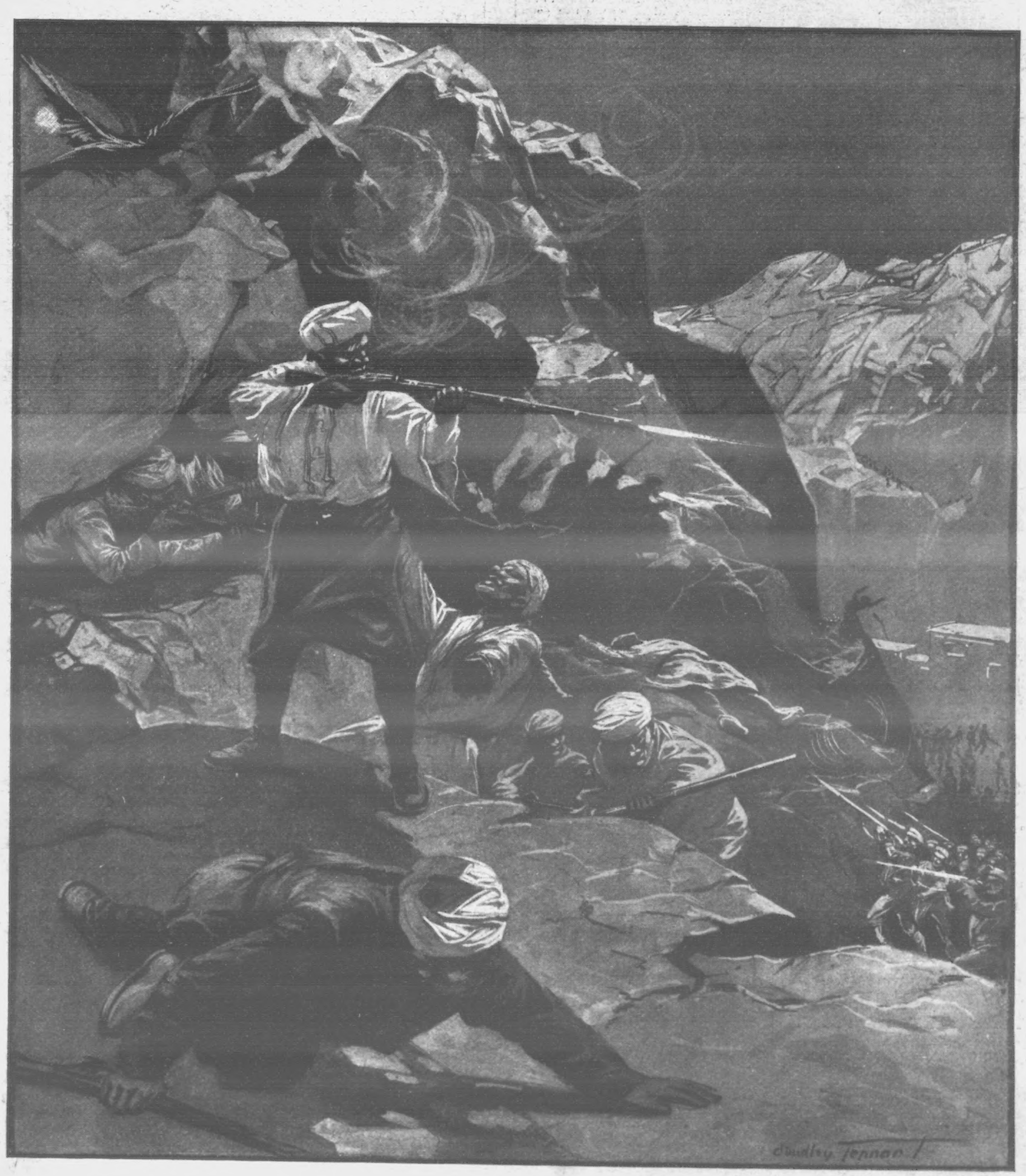
SPECIAL SPORTING PHOTOGRAPHS AND LAW COURT SKETCHES INSIDE.



OUR OWN WAR: GURKHAS DRIVING TIBETANS FROM A POSITION AMONG THE CLIFFS.

(See Page 67.)

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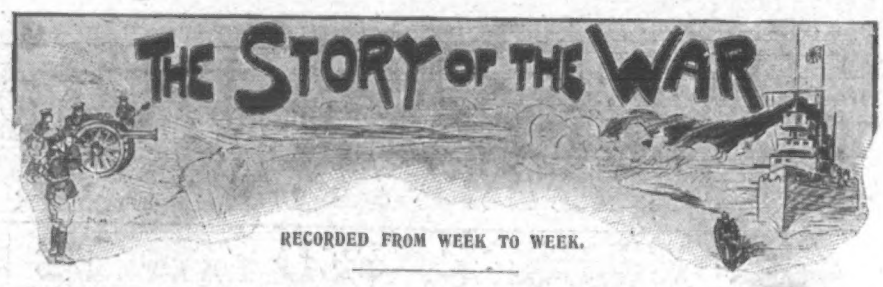


Great Britain and Russia.

SUDDENLY last week the relations between England and Russia became stretched almost to snapping-point, and it was only the complete climb down of the latter which saved what would have been a great European war. It was due to the seizure of the P. and O. liner, the *Malacca*, in the Red Sea by Russian cruisers on the ground that she was carrying contraband of war to the Far East. The British flag was torn down and the Russian flag hoisted in its place, a prize crew being put on board with orders to take the *Malacca* to Libau for the sitting of a Prize Court. The British Government did not hesitate, and an unmistakable message was dispatched to St. Petersburg, which gave the Czar and his Ministers to understand that the *Malacca* would not be allowed to reach a Russian port, whatever might be entailed. Our Ambassador, Sir Charles Hardinge, was instructed directly from home, and the Cabinet met several times to consult on the situation, and Lord Lansdowne was summoned in person to Buckingham Palace. The sudden situation was grappled with in the firmest manner, and it will greatly add to the popularity of Mr. Balfour's Government that they showed such promptness in a question of British prestige. To begin with, the presence of the Russian cruisers *Peterburg* and *Smolensk*, which had passed through the Dardanelles recently as merchantmen, was a distinct breach of the Treaty of Paris. In answer, the Mediterranean Squadron was mobilised under Sir Compton Domvile. The result, after a day or two of uncertainty, was that all British demands were ceded by the Russians, who again hoisted the British flag on the *Malacca*. The incident was short and sharp; but the result cannot fail to be healthy.

Kuroki's Victory.

In the following dispatch General Kuroki describes in detail the assault on the Russian heights at Kiao-tung—

"A column of our army sent part of its infantry against the enemy's infantry and cavalry in the direction of Hsia-ten-tse. Meanwhile the main body of the column arrived in the neighbourhood of Chutsz on July 18, and discovered the enemy occupying the vicinity of Hsi-ho-yen. At 4.30 in the afternoon the enemy showed signs of retreat to the northward, whereupon our outposts, consisting of one battalion, advanced for reconnoitring. The enemy, seeing this movement, engaged them with two battalions of infantry and eight guns. The fight was so hot that in one company all the officers were wounded. Our whole van and a battalion from the other regiment arrived in the fighting line at six o'clock. We fought till sunset, when the enemy still maintained his positions. We passed the night in fighting formation. Twice the enemy delivered counter-attacks upon us, but each time was repulsed. The enemy occupied at Hsi-ho-yen a strongly fortified and elevated position, twenty to one hundred mètres high, overlooking the high road. On the left were almost precipitous hills, and on his right was a small river, running between high hills.

"Our main force resumed its movement at midnight on the 18th, and our artillery occupied the Hung-miao-tse valley and its southern heights. Our main force then halted, confronting the enemy's main force. One part of our column was detached to act on the enemy's right, and another part occupied Liao-mu-ling, and watched the enemy in the direction of Penhsi-ko. A hot artillery duel commenced at five o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the enemy using thirty-two field-guns. After 9 a.m. the firing slackened. The portion of our army which had advanced against the enemy's right, passed without opposition through precipitous and almost inaccessible defiles. Simultaneously a detachment from our other force joined it, whereupon they advanced, the artillery assisting the infantry. Our main force on the enemy's front was at this time furiously fighting. Part of our main force, which had advanced against the enemy's right, arrived at the fighting position, together with a reinforcement. They then advanced to intercept the enemy's rear. At 5.39 p.m. our main force dashed into the enemy's position on the eminence south-west of Hsi-ho-yen. Our force advancing against the enemy's right intercepted his retreat. At 8 p.m. we occupied Hsi-ho-yen. The enemy's strength consisted of the 34th and 36th regiments of infantry, one regiment of Cossacks, and thirty-two guns. His main force retreated in disorder in the direction of Anping, one body striking off to the northward. Our casualties are: Killed 54, wounded 351. We had buried forty of the enemy's dead up to ten o'clock on the morning of the 20th. Two officers and forty-five men were taken prisoners. The prisoners state that the enemy lost over 1000 men."

General Kuroki sent the following report later: "A detachment of our army attacked the enemy, who were entrenching their position

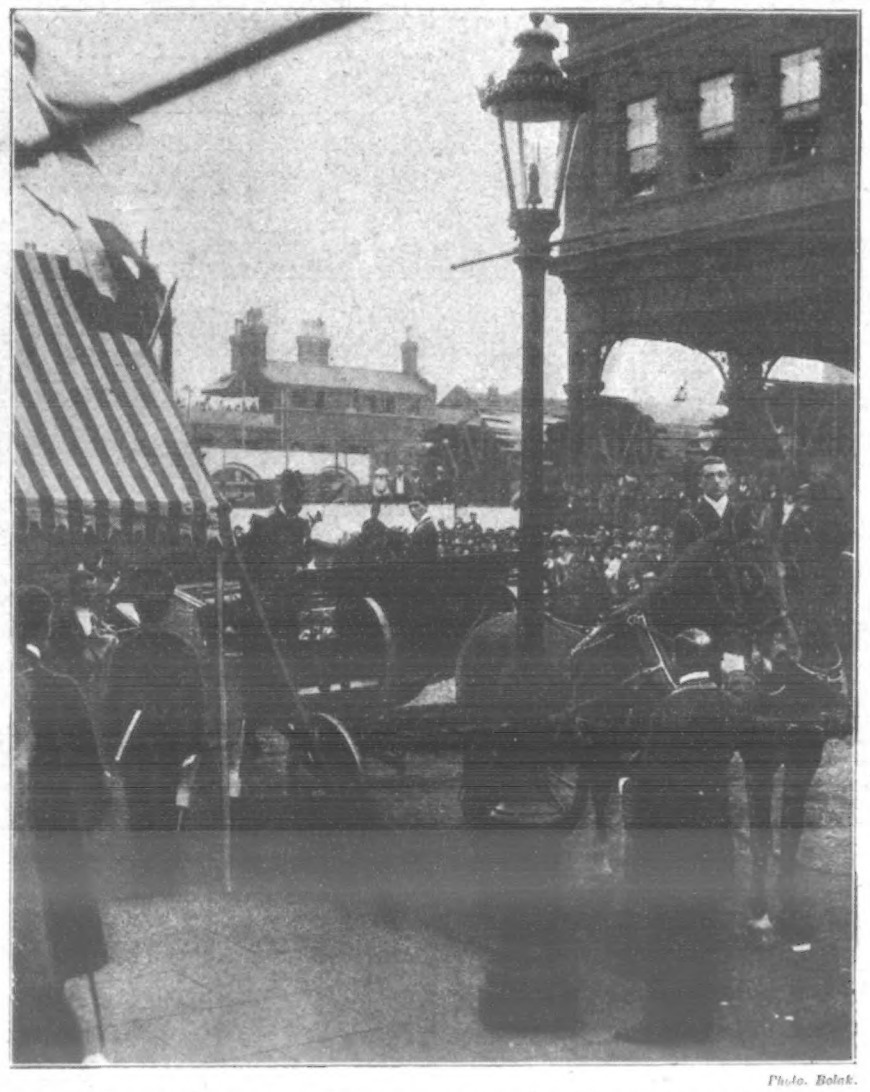
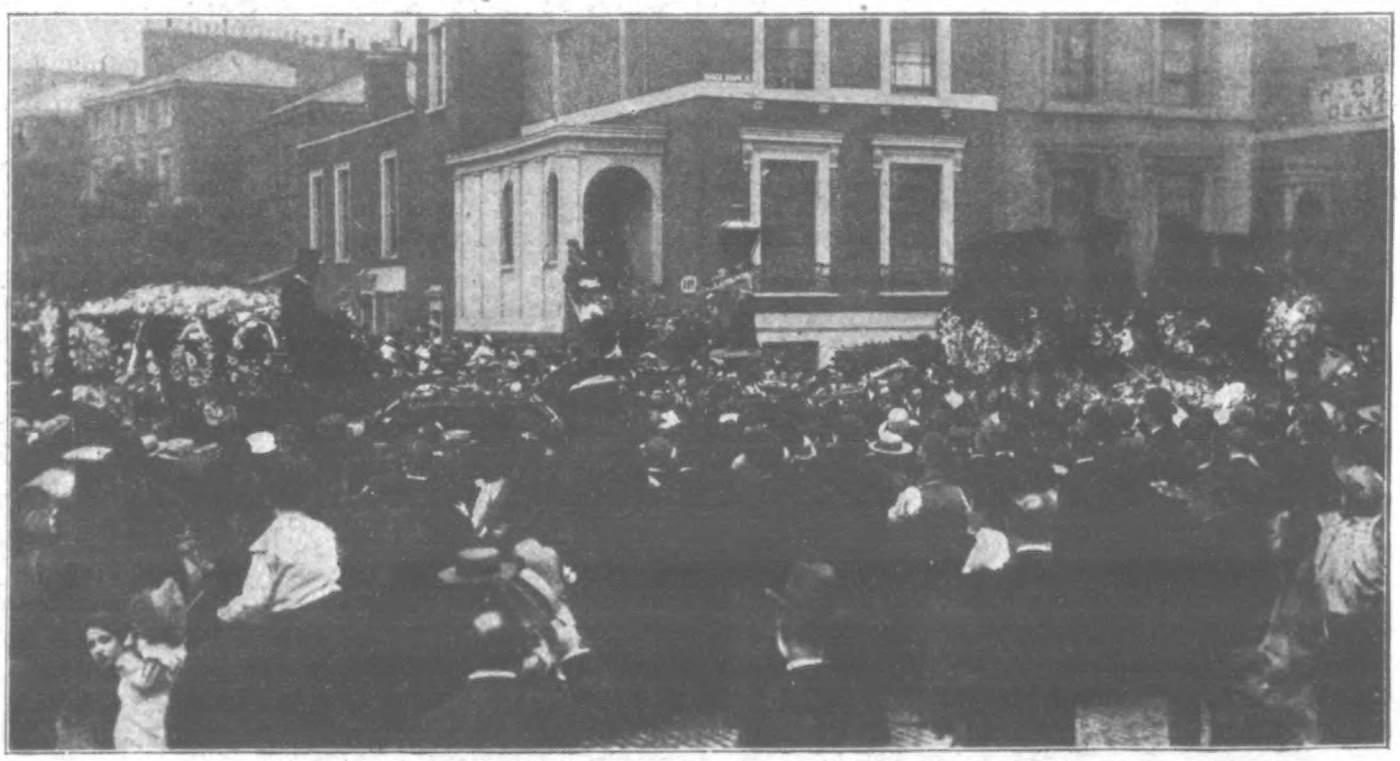


Photo. Balak.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AFTER LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE UNION JACK CLUB ON JULY 21.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE HERBERT CAMPBELL: SHOWING THE HEARSE LOADED WITH FLOWERS.

THE LATE MR. WILSON BARRETT.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH".

at Chokiapo, six miles to the south of Hsia-tentse, on July 19. The enemy's force consisted of one regiment of infantry and 1000 cavalry. The fighting lasted four hours. The enemy were repulsed, and retreated towards Tatszho (? river Tai-tze-ho). Our casualties number seventeen. The enemy's regimental commander was wounded in the fighting at Hsi-ho-yen. Up to July 20 we had buried 131 Russians. The prizes taken include three wagons, 300 rifles, and other trophies. The enemy carried away 1000 dead and wounded. Our casualties are now found to number over 70 killed and 500 wounded."

Port Arthur Siege.

A junk which has just arrived at Chefoo from Dalny reports that the Japanese fleet, consisting of twenty war-ships and twenty torpedo craft, bombarded Hwang-chin-shan for three hours on July 22. The forts replied.

Information derived from various sources confirms the report that the delay in the arrival of heavy siege-guns accounts for the postponement of the final assault upon Port Arthur until

Photo. Russell.

THE LATE GENERAL SIR MICHAEL BIDDULPH,

GENTLEMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD,
WHO DIED ON JULY 23.

August. The rainfall is severe around Liao-tung and Southern Manchuria. It is stated that the troops in Northern Korea are suffering from smallpox and beri-beri.

I am informed (says the *Telegraph*'s special correspondent at Chefoo) by a reliable authority who has just returned from an inspection of Southern Manchuria and the Yalu that a number of transports, which have sailed unprotected by cruisers, have been disembarking troops at Taku-shan and Shaho for the First Army, which is being largely augmented by veterans from the reserves. The health of the troops is good. The Japanese naval fighting strength is said to have been greatly reduced.

Photo. Fradelle and Young.

THE KING AND QUEEN OPENING THE NEW HALL OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY ON JULY 22.

Exciting Outpost Fight.

General Kuropatkin has sent the following official telegram, dated July 21, to the Czar: "There is no particular change to report in the sphere of operations. Last night a detachment of our sharpshooters and a squadron of Cossacks attacked a Japanese post stationed in a building in the village of Khudianza, sixteen kilomètres to the south-east of Ikhavuan. Twenty-one Japanese were bayoneted. A small portion of the outpost succeeded in escaping by the windows to the mountains, but they were met by the fire of a company which had come up to the rescue. From caps and other objects which were picked up, it appears that the outpost was composed of men of the 4th Regiment of the Guards. We had one sharpshooter killed and four wounded."

OUR OWN WAR.

Tibetan Pass Forced.

THE British troops have forced the Karola Pass, encountering only feeble resistance, and the camp is now pitched at a point ninety-two miles from Lassa. Our loss was trifling. On July 18 Gurkhas were sent up the ice-clad peaks on each flank, while the Royal Fusiliers advanced straight up to the main wall. The enemy opened fire at extreme range. Two or three hundred of them were seen on the cliffs on the right. The general belief was that a desperate battle was impending. The Fusiliers boldly advanced to the main wall, and found that it was not defended. The Tibetans on the cliffs, however, gave some trouble, firing on the Gurkhas from caves and crevasses and killing one Sepoy and wounding two. Finally, the Tibetans retired very slowly up a steep ridge, exposed to our shrapnel-fire. At the top of the ridge they halted. The Gurkhas were unable to get at them, the way being barred by a glacier. Finally a company of Pathans climbed up from the valley below and put an end to the remnant of the Tibetan resistance, the enemy throwing away their weapons and seeking shelter among the glaciers and ice-clefts, into which it was impossible to follow them. Captain Ottley rode as far as Nagartse. He reports that the enemy are holding the fort there. Amongst those who were killed by the Gurkhas was an apparently important personage dressed in blue silk. On his body were found letters.

The following, says a Simla message, is the composition of the force moving to Lassa:

LIEUTENANT GRANT,

THE HERO OF THE ATTACK ON GYANGTSE FORT IN TIBET.

No. 7 Mountain Battery, one section 30th Battery; Maxim gun detachment of the Norfolk Regiment; two companies Mounted Infantry; four companies Royal Fusiliers; four companies 32nd Pioneers; six companies 40th Pathans; six companies 8th Gurkhas; half company Sappers and Miners.

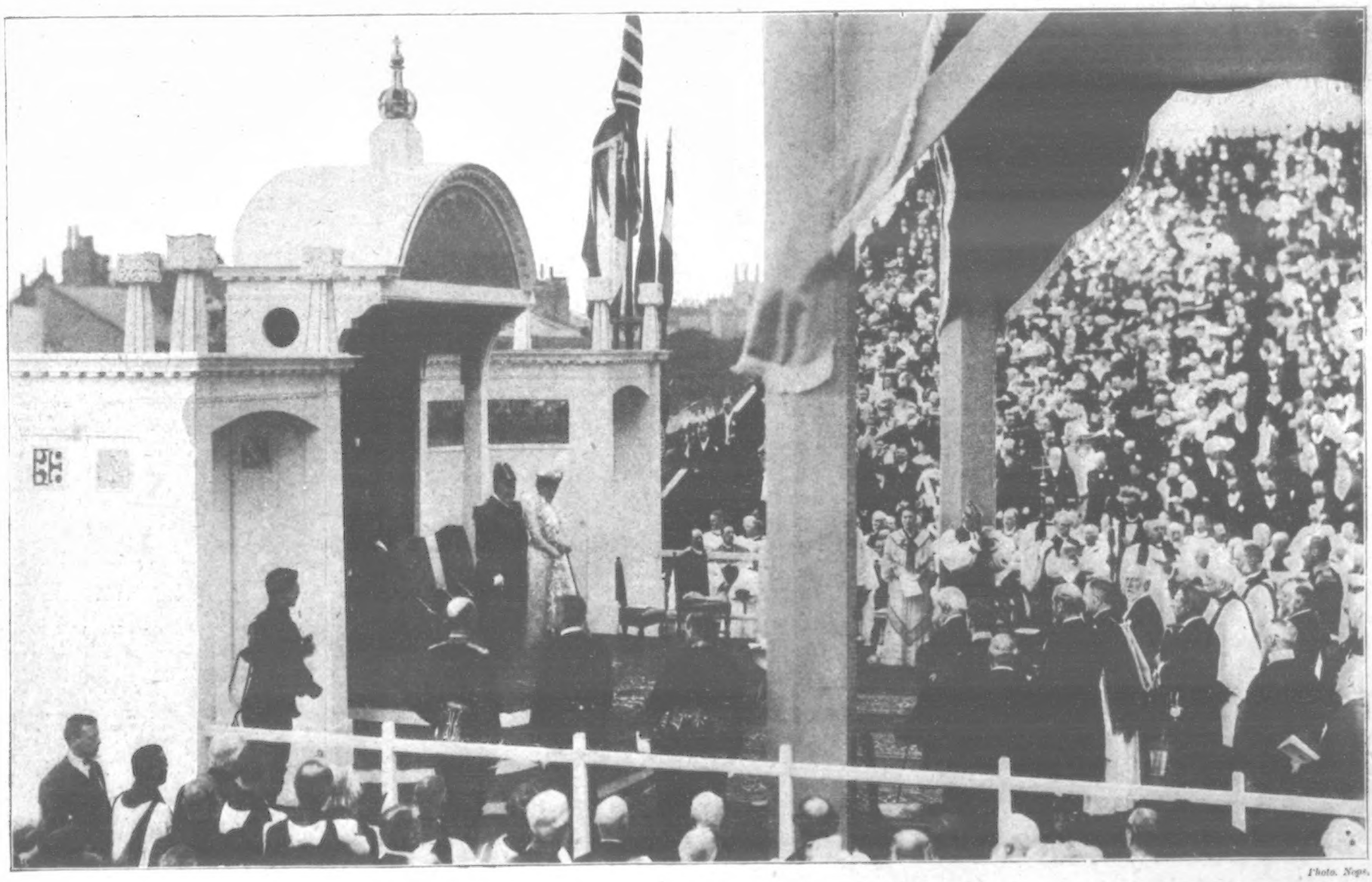


Photo. Nega.

THE KING AT LIVERPOOL: HIS MAJESTY ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE AFTER LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

The King and Queen at Goodwood.—The King and Queen left London on Monday for Goodwood House, where a house-party numbering about thirty-five were gathered for the races. The Prince of Wales also went to Goodwood on Monday, but the Princess remained in London till Wednesday, and then left for the Continent. Most of the members of the Royal Family proceed to Cowes for the Regatta Week after the Goodwood races are over.

Nurses Salute the Queen.—In the gardens of Buckingham Palace on Friday afternoon last, the Queen distributed membership certificates to 1300 members of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses. The scene was a striking one. Drawn from all parts of the country, and in some cases from the Continent, the nurses formed up in companies like soldiers, and at the word of command from a sergeant of the Royal Marines, saluted Her Majesty in military fashion, while the band played the National Anthem. The march-past occupied a full hour, the nurses approaching four abreast, and then passing the Queen in single file. Her Majesty stood unweariedly through the whole ceremony, and had the same gracious smile for the last nurse as for the first. At the conclusion of the presentation the nurses were entertained to tea on the lawn.

SPECIAL "P. I. P." SKETCH IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

The Tibet Expedition.—A message from Nagartse states that the British force arrived there, and, after a sharp skirmish, occupied the jong. Colonel Younghusband afterwards met the peace delegates, who said that they had come in finally to make peace. They asked that the Mission should return to Gyangtse to discuss terms, adding that a treaty signed at Lassa could not be lasting, as the latter was a purely religious city, which did not concern itself with civil affairs. Colonel Younghusband replied that the treaty must now be signed at Lassa. He was, however, willing to discuss terms during the journey. It depended on the Tibetans whether there was further fighting. He wished to travel as peacefully as possible, and would pay for supplies provided there was no resistance. He also had no wish to prolong the stay of the Mission at Lassa.

Army and Navy Items.—The King has sent a donation of 200 guineas to the Mansion House Fund which has been reopened for the widows and orphans caused by the South African War. His Majesty expresses the hope that the public will generously respond to the appeal for "this great national charity." The directors of the Bank of England have voted £1000 to the fund.—Lieutenant-Colonel Heath, C.R.E. of a sub-district at Gibraltar, is taking over the post of C.R.E. of the South London sub-district. He will be replaced at Gibraltar by Lieutenant-Colonel Haignes, C.R.E. of the Dublin sub-district.—Lieutenant-Colonel Thornton has this week taken over command of the R.A. at Cork Harbour in place of Lieutenant-Colonel Powles, who has been appointed to the command of the Militia and Volunteer Artillery in the first sub-district in Scotland.—The first-class cruiser *Blenheim* has been paid off into the B Division of the Medway Fleet Reserve at Chatham. She is shortly to be refitted at a cost of about £42,000.—The official list of the naval manœuvres, which begin on Aug. 8, states that Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson will be in chief command of the Blue side, his headquarters being at Waterford. The chief commander of the Red side will be Rear-Admiral Charles G. Robinson, with headquarters at Milford Haven. Here will be gathered the submarine flotilla, under the command of Captain R. H. S. Bacon. The chief umpire of the torpedo-craft manœuvres is Rear-Admiral Grenfell, who will fly his flag on the *Vivid*.

Decree Rescinded.—Sir Francis Jeune heard a remarkable application by the King's Proctor for the rescinding of a decree nisi granted last year to Mr. Henry Dyke. It was stated that the decree was obtained on the evidence to the effect that Mr. Dyke's wife was living with a man named Woolley. Material facts were withheld, it was now stated by Mr. Priestly, K.C. (on behalf of the King's Proctor), and that Ada Rose, who gave evidence showing that Mrs. Dyke and Woolley were living together, was at the very time living with Mr. Dyke. Further, that prior to Mrs. Dyke's offence Mr. Dyke had misconducted himself with his housekeeper. Counsel for Mr. Dyke said, after evidence had been called, that he would not contest the facts, and the decree was accordingly rescinded.

WIDOW AND MINISTER: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT THE LAW COURTS.

Widow and Minister.—An old lady whose will was disputed in the Probate Court is said to have thought she was dead and in heaven. "She was absolutely incompetent to make a will," said the doctor who attended her. The testatrix was Mrs. Emily West, a Broadstairs widow, who died twelve months ago in an asylum. The Rev. Charles Bloy, a Baptist minister at Broadstairs, propounded a will, dated in April 1902, and a codicil, under which documents he solely benefited to the extent of £2000. The will was opposed by Mrs. West's nephew, on the ground that the deceased was incompetent when the will was executed. He also alleged undue influence and fraud on the part of the plaintiff. Dr. Isherwood, who attended Mrs. West from 1896 to 1900, said that during that period her condition was one of progressive mental aberration. She suffered from delusions, and thought that her relatives were poisoning her. He made a will for her to humour her. That document he afterwards tore up, knowing that she was not in a fit condition to make a will or understand its terms. Mrs. Harriet Epps said the deceased was very eccentric. One moment she would be "full of nonsense," and the next moment "full of religion." Once she said she had seen hell and heard a hissing sound. The case was adjourned.

THE FISHER DIVORCE CASE: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT THE LAW COURTS.

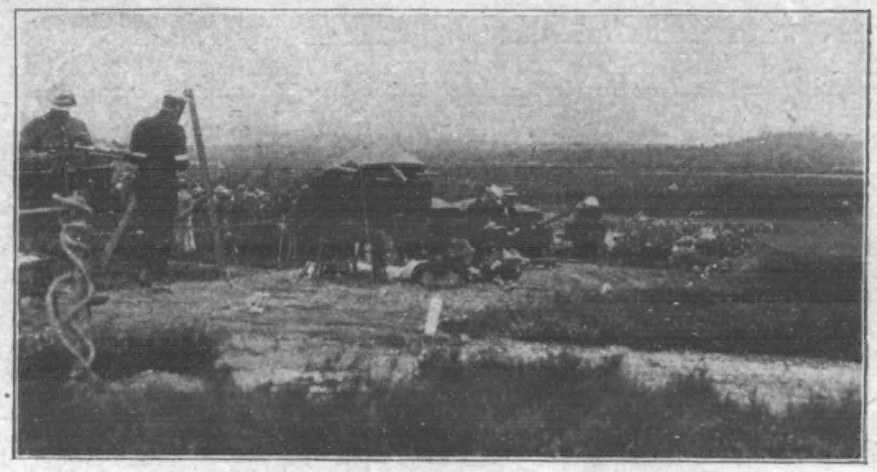
Remarkable Divorce Case.—In the Divorce Court, the case of Fisher v. Fisher (King's Proctor showing cause) came before Sir Francis Jeune. Mrs. Fisher was granted a decree nisi last year, but the King's Proctor now intervened to prevent the decree from being made absolute, alleging that material facts were kept from the Court—namely, that the petitioner had misconducted herself with a man named Thomas White. This was denied. Mr. Rawlinson, K.C., called several witnesses in support of the case for the King's Proctor, their evidence being to the effect that at a number of places where Mrs. Fisher stayed with Mr. White she was known as "Mrs. White." On going into the box, Mrs. Fisher said that with her father's consent she had, after her husband left her, acted as housekeeper to Mr. White, a position she held down to the present time. She had never told anyone she was "Mrs. White," though people sometimes called her by that name. She had not corrected the mistake, as it would have taken up too much of her time to do so. There was no truth in the allegation that she had misconducted herself with Mr. White. In cross-examination she said her solicitors in the divorce case were Messrs. Osborn and Osborn, and Slater's detectives had been employed to watch her husband in America.

THE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT BOW STREET.

"Doubles" Mystery.—Mr. Adolf Beck, whose extraordinary case has recently excited so much interest, saw his alleged double for the first time face to face on Saturday at Bow Street Police Court. Mr. Beck waited with evident excitement for the appearance in the dock of William Thomas, the man who is charged with committing robberies from women similar to those originally alleged against Mr. Beck. When Thomas walked into the dock, Mr. Beck gazed long and earnestly on the man who is alleged to be his double. Every eye in the court wandered from the face of Thomas to that of Mr. Beck, and a whisper went round the court, "Why, they really are not much alike." Thomas has much the same shaped head as Mr. Beck, and his moustache, though whiter, is about the same size, but there all resemblance ceases. The proceedings were quite formal. The magistrate took just enough evidence in the form of the reading of a written deposition by Miss Beulah Turner, who, with her sister, is alleged to have been robbed by Thomas of two rings, to grant a remand. Thomas stood perfectly motionless in the dock. Not a muscle of his heavily lined faced moved, nor

BY THE MAD SEA WAVES: CLEVER SKETCHES BY CLEAVER.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

CHAIRING PRIVATE S. J. PERRY (CANADA) THE WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.



FIRING LAST ROUNDS FOR THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.

did he once turn his gaze towards Adolf Beck. He was remanded until July 29, and as soon as he was removed a number of middle-aged men were asked to stand by him

MISS LEWES,

THE LADY COMPETITOR AT BISLEY.

in a room adjoining the court for the purpose of identification. With one exception, all concerned identified him as the John Smith of the case. "I fail to see how anybody could have mistaken that man for me," said Mr. Beck as he left the court.

Mrs. Maybrick Released.—After undergoing fifteen years' imprisonment Mrs. Maybrick was released last week from the Home of the Sisterhood of the Epiphany, Truro, whence she had been transferred from Aylesbury Prison some months ago. It was in August 1889 that Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced to death for the murder of her husband by the administration of arsenic. This sentence was subsequently reduced to one of imprisonment for life. Under the good-conduct regulations Mrs. Maybrick earned a remission of five years from the twenty which she would otherwise have had to serve. The authorities took great precautions to keep the time of her release a secret, and in consequence Mrs. Maybrick journeyed from Truro to Bristol without attracting attention, subsequently proceeding to Rouen. After a short stay with her mother there, Mrs. Maybrick will, it is understood, go to America to watch over her pecuniary interests.

Sievier Case Dismissed.—Mr. Robert Standish Sievier was again charged, on remand, at Bow Street, with having committed perjury at a private examination in his bankruptcy held in December 1899. The evidence having concluded, Mr. Avory made a long speech for the defence, in which he declared that it was the most trumpery charge of perjury ever presented to any court. The magistrate—Mr. Marsham—said he had considered the case very carefully, and he had come to the conclusion that, looking at the fact that this charge had been made after such a long lapse of time, and also looking at the fact that it had to be proved that the defendant wilfully and corruptly committed perjury, no jury would convict on the evidence which had been given. The defendant would therefore be discharged.

Retford Solicitor Sentenced.—At the Nottinghamshire Assizes, George Marshall, solicitor, senior Alderman and ex-Mayor of Retford, was charged with misappropriating £12,000, entrusted to him by his client, the Duke of Newcastle. Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., for the Crown, told the story of the misappropriation, and produced the wallet which figured in the "robbery" of bank-notes at the Hotel Métropôle—a robbery which, said counsel, never took place, but was invented to explain the disappearance of the Duke of Newcastle's money. After a three days' hearing the jury retired to consider their verdict. They found Marshall guilty, but added a recommendation to mercy on account of the prisoner's age. Counsel also stated that the Duke of Newcastle would be glad if clemency could be shown to the man who had robbed him. Mr. Justice Bray, in passing sentence, said that but for the recommendation of the jury and the Duke of Newcastle, on the score of the prisoner's age, he would have passed the maximum penalty of seven years. As it was, he would reduce the sentence to one of five years' penal servitude.

Murderous Attack in Brixton.—A daring robbery and brutal outrage were committed late on Saturday night last in Brixton. The victim of the affair is Harold Browning, the manager of a provision shop at 7, Atlantic Road. The establishment had just been closed, and the assistants had left, leaving Mr. Browning to lock up, previous to starting for his home at Beckenham, when either one man or two—it is not clear which—entered the shop by the iron grille, which had been left ajar, and asked to be served with some ham. Mr. Browning replied that it was too late, whereupon the man, or men, attacked him savagely with a life-preserver and a buckled strap. Having knocked the manager senseless, the assailant, or assailants, rifled the till of the day's takings—about £200—and decamped. Some minutes later a passer-by noticed blood trickling across the pavement from the shop. On looking inside, he saw Mr. Browning lying close to the door. To all appearances the unfortunate man was dead; but the divisional police surgeon, who was hastily summoned, pronounced him to be still alive, although his skull had received terrible injuries. He was conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where he lies in a critical condition. The perpetrators of the crime have not yet been discovered.

Terrible Tragedy at Dalston.—In the early hours of Monday morning a shocking tragedy was enacted at a house in Ridley Road, Dalston, a girl named Florence Collins, aged twenty-one, being killed by her former sweetheart, George Thirkettle, who then attempted to take his own life. Thirkettle is said to have been a soldier, but is a farrier by trade. For several years he had "walked out" with Miss Collins, but about five weeks ago the girl refused to have anything more to do with him, and the engagement was broken off. Since then Thirkettle had at intervals besought her to renew the engagement, but without success. On Sunday night the Collins household retired to rest before twelve o'clock, but at about two in the morning Mrs. Collins heard a stealthy step on the stairs. She called out to know who was there, but received no reply. The footsteps passed on, and Mrs. Collins again called out, "Who's there?" The lock of her daughter's bed-room door clicked, and the footsteps ceased. A moment later a piercing shriek of "Mother!" rang through the house. In terrible alarm Mrs. Collins, accompanied by her husband, rushed to the girl's door. It was locked, and all efforts to force it open were unavailing. The police were fetched, and they quickly effected an entrance. A ghastly sight met their gaze. The floor ran with blood, and lying across the bed was Miss Collins, her throat cut from ear to ear. Almost at her feet lay Thirkettle, bleeding from a wound in the throat, but still alive. He was at once taken to the German Hospital near by, where the operation of tracheotomy was performed upon him. He is making satisfactory progress. The broken panels of a door at the rear of the Collins's house indicate that the man broke into the premises so as to reach his victim's room. An empty razor-case was found in his pocket.

The Question of the Hour.—The question of the hour, despite the assertions of statesmen and leader-writers, is not the Aliens Bill, nor the Licensing Bill, nor even the Ru-so-Japanese War. Public interest in these has waned with the appearance of glorious summer, and the real question of the hour is now, What to drink? Drinks there are without number, but what the thirsty palate of the jaded townsman demands just at present is a drink that is more than simply wet. He wants a long, cooling draught of a thir-t-satisfying beverage—and he gets it in the famous Eiffel Tower Lemonade. Here we have the "King of Summer Beverages" as wholesome as it is delicious, and as cheap as it is good! Made with Messina lemons, the finest-flavoured lemons in the world, it is a beverage as welcome to the West-Ender as to the working-man. A 4½d. bottle of Eiffel Tower Lemonade will yield two gallons of delicious lemonade in a few minutes, which figures out at thirty-two glasses, costing rather less than one-eighth of a penny per glass.

The Hooley-Lawson Case.—At Bow Street, last week, Mr. E. T. Hooley and Mr. H. J. Lawson again

Photo. Russell.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, K.C.,

WHO WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE HARDWICKE SOCIETY ON JULY 22, IN CELEBRATION OF HIS FORTIETH YEAR AT THE BAR.

appeared on the charge of conspiring to obtain money by false pretences from Mr. A. J. Paine. Lord Revelstoke, a director of Baring Brothers, went into the box and denied that his firm ever had any connection with the Electric Tramways Construction Company, or that they had undertaken any proposal as to financing the City and Walthamstow Railway. After the hearing of other evidence, Mr. Muir applied for an adjournment of the case till Sept. 19, which was granted, the accused being remanded till that date on the same bail as before.

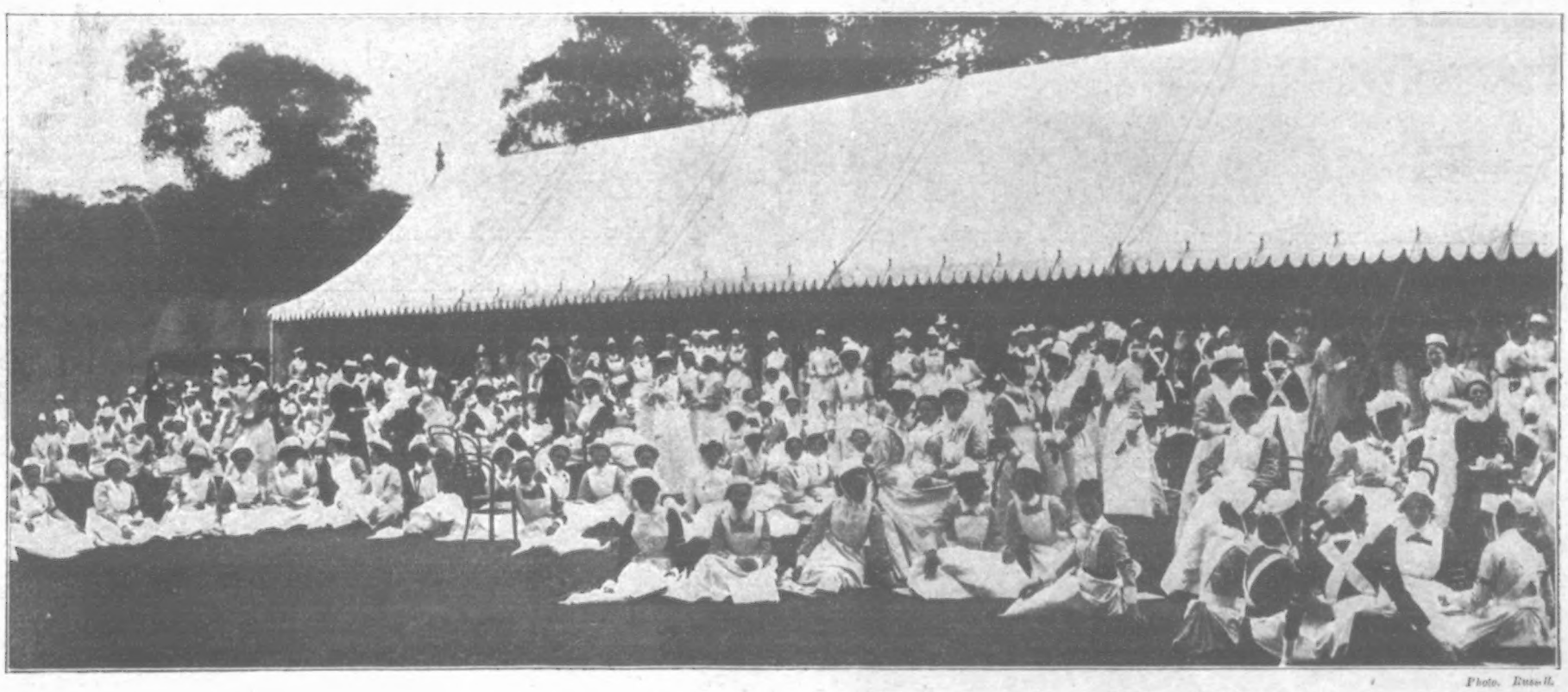


Photo. Russell.

HOSPITAL NURSES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON JULY 22.

VERY PICTURESQUE WAS THE SPECTACLE PRESENTED WHEN, AT THE INVITATION OF THE QUEEN, 1400 NURSES ASSEMBLED TO RECEIVE CERTIFICATES IN CONNECTION WITH THE NATIONAL PENSION FUND FOR NURSES.

MANY HUMOROUS DRAWINGS BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

AS the season advances it becomes more and more evident that Lancashire have the greatest chance of all the counties to become champions. On every kind of wicket they have proved to be a most formidable combination, and their reserve list is so powerful that the absence of any member of the team makes little difference to their strength. Up to the beginning of the present week the Lancastrians had taken part in seventeen county matches without a reverse, and thirteen of them were won outright. A fine record this, and far in front of any other performance; for though Yorkshire had only lost one match out of eighteen, they could claim but eight victories, half their games being left drawn.

If further proof were needed of the great all-round strength of Lancashire this season, one has only to look at their match with Essex. In that match it was clearly demonstrated that the Red Rose side has no tail. If you carefully look at the scores you will find that despite MacLaren's failure, Spooner and Tyldesley each exceeded 80. Three failures followed, but a century by Sharp and 89 by A. H. Hornby towards the close of the innings made the tail wag, and after came Brearley with his lightning deliveries to get Essex out for 69. Several of the Eastern County's batsmen did very well at the second attempt, but their efforts came too late to save the game.

While on the subject of Essex I must perforce refer to the great innings of Percy Perrin, whose 343 against Derbyshire has the distinction of being the highest individual score of the present season. It was a marvel of sound defence and brilliant hitting, the sharp, crisp cut, the forceful drive, and the cleverly placed stroke on the leg side being all very much in evidence. Then as to his defence.—His back play has long been considered by good judges to be superior to most and second to none. It is one of his strongest points, and if I were asked to give a vote on the subject it would be for the "Essex twin."

We have been complaining of the drought, and now the rain has come we begin to grumble. The word, according to the compilers of our dictionaries, signifies complaint without cause. We must not be unthankful for the glorious weather of the last few weeks, even though it has been followed by heavy rain during the past week. I cannot, however, withhold my sympathy from Essex, who, having had to bear the expense of their out matches for a period of five weeks, have to face the prospect of having their home gates spoilt by the change in the weather. It would make little difference to the richer counties, but to a struggling county it spells ruin.

Thunder and lightning and another visitor, in the shape of heavy rainstorms, greatly interfered with the games in the earlier part of the week, and, thanks to damaged wickets, the cricket for the most part was poor. Essex, who were without Perrin and the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, played Warwickshire. Perrin's hand was damaged in the Lancashire match, and the reverend hard hitter has rheumatism. There was nothing sensational in the play, but it was noteworthy from the fact that A. J. Turner played for the first time this season.

It is worthy of mention that there were no centuries made on the first day of the week. The matter would call for no comment but for the fact that almost daily recently, the list of three figures has shown signs of beating record, but it is time that the bowlers had a turn, for lately the batsmen have been having it so much their own way that the bogey of the wider wicket stood a fair chance of coming to life again.

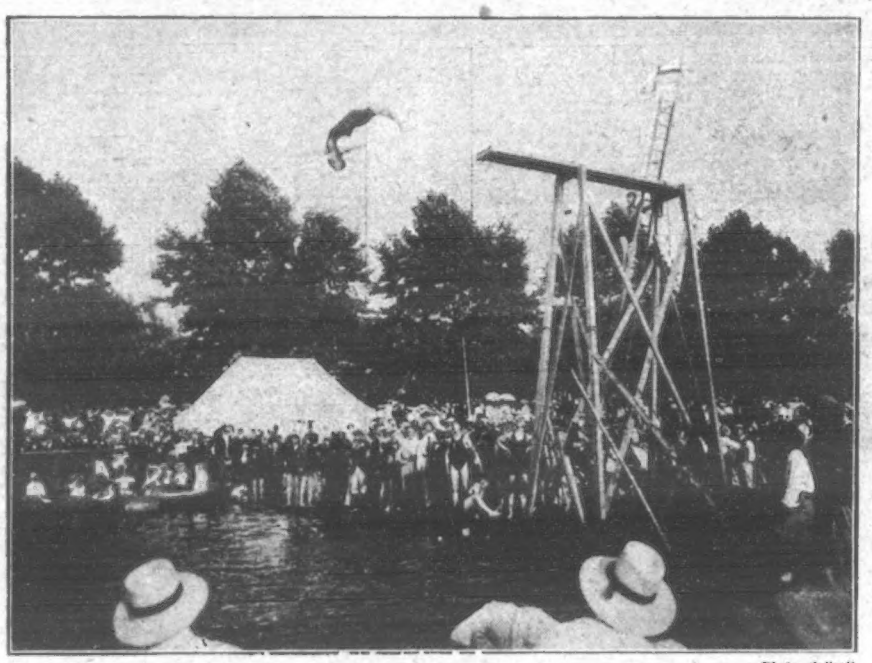


Photo. Callcott.

AT KINGSTON REGATTA: THE HIGH-DIVING COMPETITION.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The meeting of the combined Universities of Oxford and Cambridge with the corresponding seats of learning in America—Yale and Harvard—aroused considerable comment in athletic circles all over the world. It is stale news now that the Americans beat our young men of the "Blues" by six events to three, but the contests were of exceptional interest, not only from the good times accomplished, but because the result of the races which had gone before was to leave honours easy.

The events won by the victors were the 100 yards, the high jump, the quarter, the hammer, the hurdles, and the long jump. The events which fell to the English Universities were the mile, the half-mile, and the two miles. It was an especially noteworthy feature of the meeting that whilst the visitors showed undoubted superiority in the short events, our people were very much the better in the long-distance races.

In the 100 yards, W. A. Shick junior, Harvard, won by a yard from R. W. Barclay, of Cambridge, in time returned as 9 4-5 sec. I have no reason to doubt the correctness of the time, which equals the English record; but if it be correct, then Barclay must have run much better than he ever did in his life. Barclay also had to be content with second place in the quarter, the two-furlong race falling to E. J. Dives, Harvard, in 49 4-5 sec. The mile went to H. W. Gregson, and that in the splendid time of 4 min. 21 1-5 sec.; and H. E. Holding, of Oxford, won the half in the fast time of 1 min. 56 1-5 sec., with K. Cornwallis second.

Many good judges consider it a mistake to have run Cornwallis in the half instead of in the quarter. It was held that as Holding was certain—or nearly so—of winning the half, Cornwallis should have a chance in the quarter. However, other counsels prevailed, with the least satisfactory results. In the two miles M. H. Godby unexpectedly beat A. R. Churchill in 9 min. 50 sec.

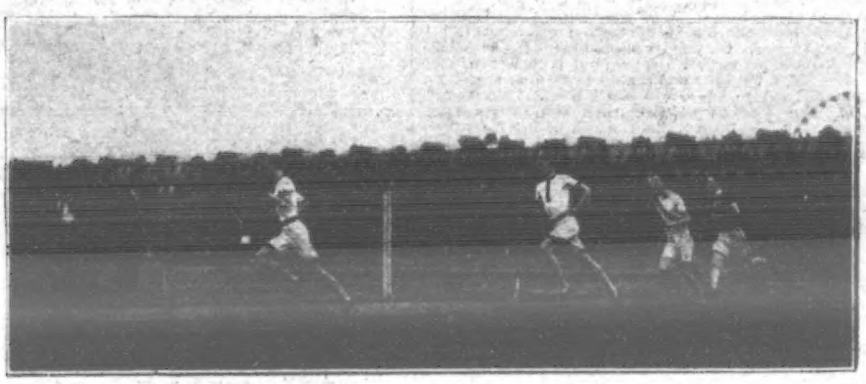
E. J. Clapp won the hurdles in 15 4-5 sec., and in the field events the Americans carried all before them. G. F. Victor, of Yale, won the high jump with 6 ft. 1-8 in.; Shevlin, of the same University, threw the hammer 152 ft. 8 in., and the long jump went to L. T. Sheffield, of Yale, with a leap of 21 ft. 10 3-4 in.

The British Empire Cycle Championships were held at Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, last Saturday, in the presence of a huge assembly. In the mile H. D. Buck, of the Anerley B.C., beat that plucky little rider, A. E. Wills, of the Putney A.C. The quarter was won by J. S. Benyon, of the Manchester Wheelers; the five miles confined to the county by W. Lakey, of Northumberland County; and the five miles championship by D. Flynn, of Pollickshaws.

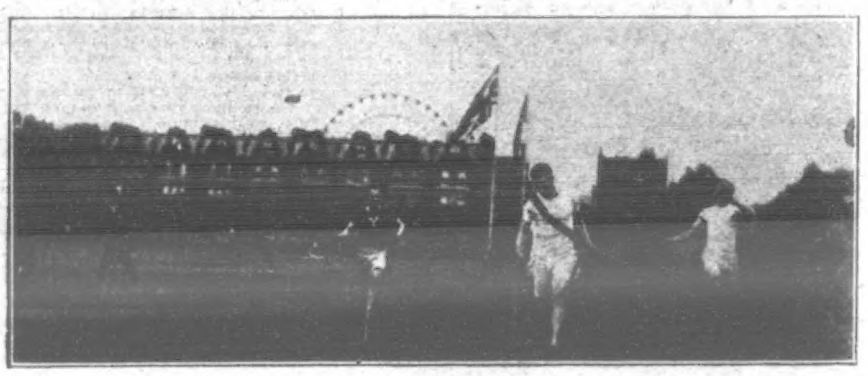
Alfred Shrubb won the Parry Challenge Cup, and according to the conditions, it now becomes his own property. He covered the two miles in 9 min. 22 1-5 sec. The 100 yards champion, J. W. Morton, of the S.L.H., won the level sprint at the Worcestershire C.C. sports, and E. Payne, of the home club, made a successful attempt on the quarter-mile cycle record, doing 29 1-5 sec., against the previous best of 31 1-5 sec. He also won the half-mile cycle handicap.

SWIMMING AND WATER-POLO.

A fifth of a second's advantage at the end of a mile race is about as close to a dead-heat as it is possible to get in swimming. That is what A. A. Green beat A. G. Harvey

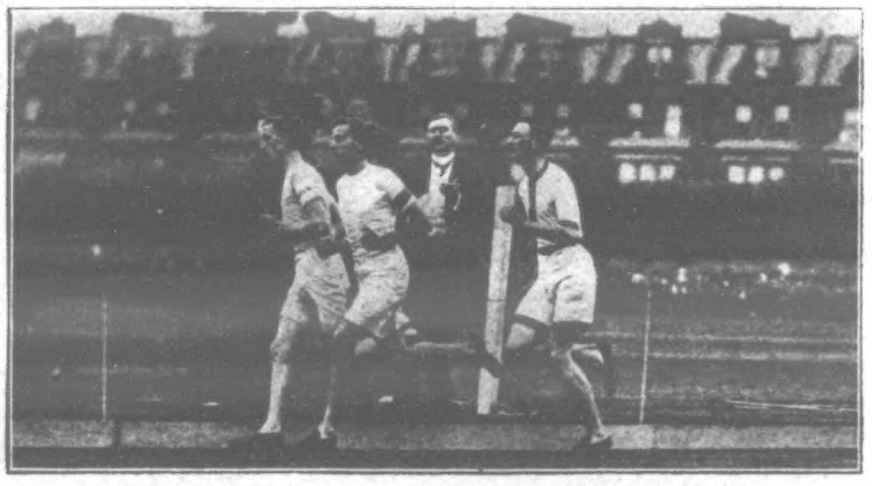


THE HALF-MILE RACE: HOLDING LEADING CORNWALLIS.

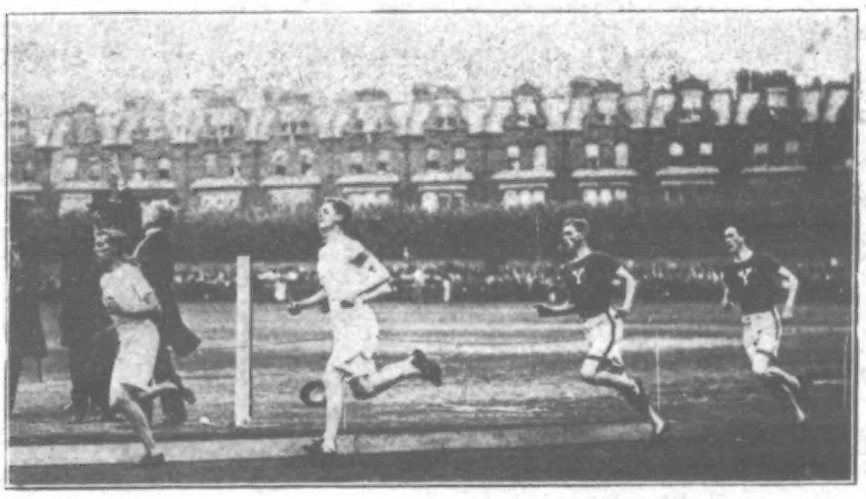


THE FINISH FOR THE 100 YARDS: SCHICK WINNING.

THE QUARTER MILE: BARCLAY LEADING, DIVES (WINNER) FOLLOWING.



THE TWO MILES RACE: GODBY (WINNER) LYING LAST.



THE MILE RACE: GREGSON (WINNER) LEADING.

THREE HARVARD-YALE ATHLETES PRACTISING STARTS.

INTERNATIONAL ATHLETICS: HARVARD AND YALE v. OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE AT QUEEN'S CLUB LAST SATURDAY.

Photo. Calcott.

AT KINGSTON REGATTA: THE WATER DERBY.

by on Saturday at the Crystal Palace in the contest for the Southern Counties one mile championship, and rarely has there been so desperate a finish. There were eighteen aspirants for the title, but the issue always rested between the two already named. Harvey had established the substantial lead of twenty yards at the half-distance, but Green swam on with great resolution, and the Seal S.C. representative gradually overhauled the Ravensbourne man, and turning for the last length, Green crept up inch by inch and won by the closest of touches in 28 min. 2-5 sec., Harvey's time being returned at 28 min. 3-5 sec. F. H. Naylor, Hornsey S.C., was third, sixty yards in the rear of the two leaders.

In the 100 yards open handicap at the same meeting, F. B. Randall, Priory S.C., was the winner. He had the

W. G. QUAIFE,

THE WARWICKSHIRE PROFESSIONAL.

useful start of 26 sec., and won by three yards from J. Springthorpe, of the Thames Police, who had 17 sec. The last-named did even better in the 50 yards uniform handicap, open to police, firemen, etc., competitors wearing full regulation uniform, including boots. Springthorpe was at scratch, as was also P. Horton, of the City Police, and a great race between the pair ended in a victory for the former by a foot.

At the fourth annual gala of the Watford Amateur Swimming Club the chief attraction was a 300 yards scratch race, in which champion J. A. Jarvis, F. Gadsby (the famous one-legged swimmer), H. Faircloth, of Holloway United, and H. H. Brown, of Luton, competed. The long-distance champion had an easy journey and won comfortably.

Some very fine play was seen in the International water-polo trial match between North and South at Bristol last Saturday, the South emerging from the contest victorious by the narrow margin of four goals to three.

ROWING.

Visitors to Molesey Regatta last Saturday were unanimous in the opinion that never before had such a success been attained either socially or in the quality of the programme. The Garrick Villa Lawn was a picturesque sight, and the river was alive with craft of all descriptions from early morning until dusk. It was a long day's racing, lasting from ten in the forenoon until half-past six in the evening; but it was at no time dull. Indeed, there were many close finishes, the rivalry in some of the events being very keen.

The Thames Cup Eights and the Senior Fours went to the London R.C., who beat their great rivals, Thames R.C., in each event. But the Thames got through in the Senior Eights, and after beating London in one of the preliminary heats, they disposed of Molesey in the final somewhat easily. Kensington R.C. were highly successful at the meeting, for they carried off the Hastie Memorial Cup (the old Garrick Pairs) and the Senior Sculls. J. Beresford was their champion in the last-named race and he shared

AT MOLESEY REGATTA: TWICKENHAM BEATING MOLESEY IN THE JUNIOR EIGHTS.

with Harry Blackstaffe, of the Vesta R.C., the honour of taking the Senior Pairs, the Molesey couple who opposed them being beaten in a veritable paddle. The Junior Fours went to Broxbourne R.C., and the Junior Sculls to H. Green, of the Staines B.C.

LAWN TENNIS.

S. H. Smith has added to his laurels by again winning the Midland Counties Championship. His opponent in the final at Birmingham was W. V. Eaves, but the last-named, although playing skilfully, never had a real chance of victory, and was beaten by 6-4, 6-3, 6-2. Smith also partnered Miss E. W. Thomson in the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Open Doubles, the pair beating H. S. Mahony and Miss Hillyard in the final round by 7-5, 6-4. The Ladies' Open Singles went to Miss C. M. Wilson, and in the "Deykin" Cup contest the winner was E. V. Jones, who was victorious last season.

It is stated that R. F. and H. L. Doherty will again go to the States to defend their title of champions in the doubles and singles, which they carried off last year. Neither of the famous brothers shows any falling off in skill, and I shall be surprised if victory does not again come their way.

GOLF.

Another fine course has just been opened at Littlestone, which is to be the home of the Romney Sands club. The "opening ceremony" took place last Saturday, and many of the leading players helped to celebrate the occasion, though the absence of Jack White and J. H. Taylor was deplored. White is still suffering from the effects of his unfortunate breakdown after he had won the open championship. However, Harry Vardon, Rowland Jones, and P. and J. Paxton gave an admirable exhibition, and judging by the interest taken in the proceedings, there is a bright future for the new home of golf.

Playing for the Bar Golfing Society against the West Drayton Club on the latter's links last Saturday, H. W. Beveridge, the old Oxonian, performed a remarkable feat. In one of the opening rounds he did the eighteen holes in seventy strokes, which beat the amateur record, and is the more extraordinary seeing that he had never previously played on the course. The home club were beaten in the match by 7 to 2.

BANSHEE.

THE RACING WORLD.

REGULAR racegoers received a considerable shock on hearing news that would please a good many more, especially folk local to Goodwood. Almost a howl went up from the regular Turf army on hearing that as the King and Queen would come from the House to the new stands in full state, loyal citizens must do their duty and take pleasure somewhat sadly in Ascot get-up. Ten years ago no one ever dreamed of appearing in any other garb but the most severe morning go-to-meeting get-up. But thanks to the Prince of Wales, as His Majesty was when he set the example, people were able to treat the most rural of all important meetings on the garden-party basis, and lounged about in flannels and straw hats.

After such indulgence reverting to stiff ceremonial dress was trying, and did away partly with the holiday idea. Still, we were no worse than we used to be, and the reformation was, after all, in a good cause, part of an attempt to give Goodwood a lift. The meeting always had much to thank the King for, and this year the debt of gratitude was vastly increased. Something was needed to make weight with the great outlay on the Duke of Richmond's part in building the new grand-stand, which was generally approved by those who saw it this week for the first time. Mr. A. Henderson, of Esher, is to be congratulated on suiting the public so well; and when I say the public I mean all classes for whom provision has been made.

At last those who pay are given value for money. Still, a good deal of that should be credited for the spectacle. Habitués take little stock of Royal processions, but they do of the views from the ridge where Goodwood's courses lie. Never have these been more beautiful than in this summer, and it is almost a pity to have sport to distract attention from the country. The worst feature was the rough road cut up by drawing material for the new buildings, and the fear of rain. Now and then on Sunday showers came, and on Monday those who had been deploring the long spell of dry weather began to hope that it might last a little longer. A little rain would do the going good, but when the weather is bad on the Duke's best farm, awful can be the word, and the best of racing easily spoilt. A better, more promising programme has seldom been seen. The Stewards' Cup, though the field shrank to small proportions, was a most interesting affair. You could not say much for the Stakes (now "Plate"); and the class of competitors in the Cup was by no means high. The great chance possessed by the King gave that an interest outside its intrinsic merits.

You wanted the weather fine for the short cut handicap of the meeting, which held so many good things. There was Out o' Sight, most confidently expected; Sundridge, with all his weight perhaps the best handicapped in the race; Mountain King was one of the dangerous—dangerous, nay, fatal—Fallon's certainties; Nabot could not be beaten, nor Xeny either for that matter. Santry was to beat both those, and Cinquefoil do ditto. Dumbarton Castle might, after all, justify the hard things said against the handicappers on his account, and Bachelor's Fancy strike terror into the starting-price agents. Killeevan was almost better liked after his losing trial than before he was beaten, and Western's friends were always faithful. In the result Melayr won, and was followed home by Killeevan and Helter Skelter. After the race everyone remembered what a favourite the winner had been for the Royal Hunt Cup!

BENDIGO.

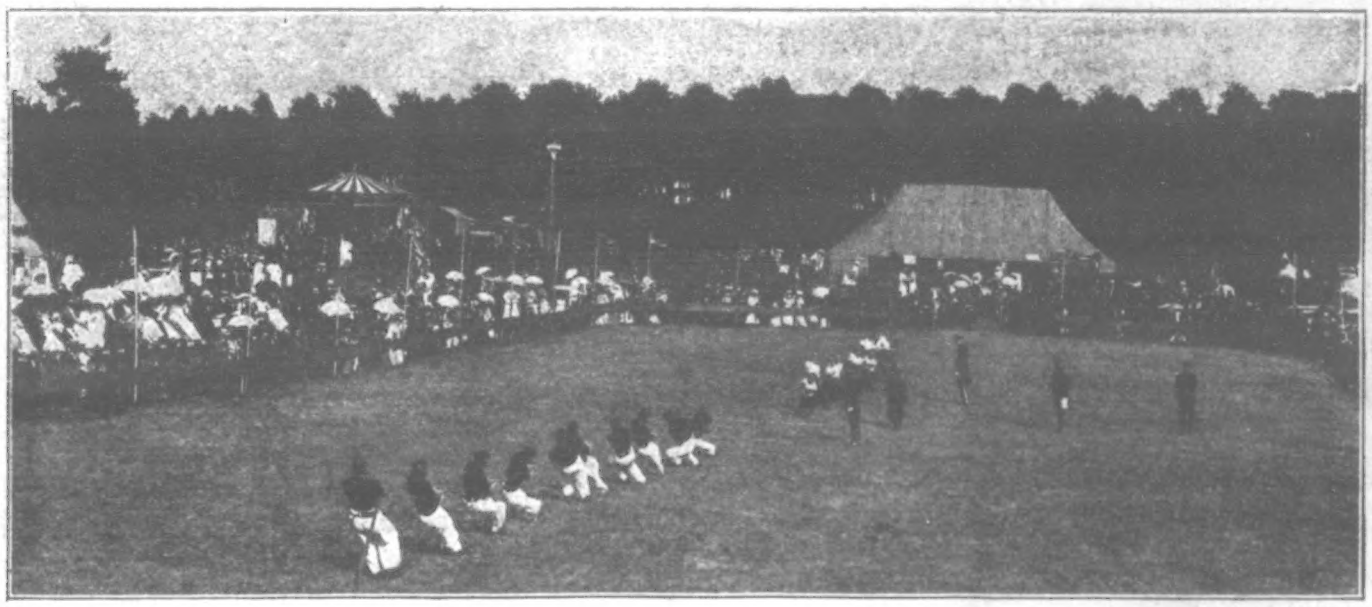


Photo. Gale and Polden.

THE GRAND MILITARY FÊTE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ALDERSHOT: THE TUG-OF-WAR.

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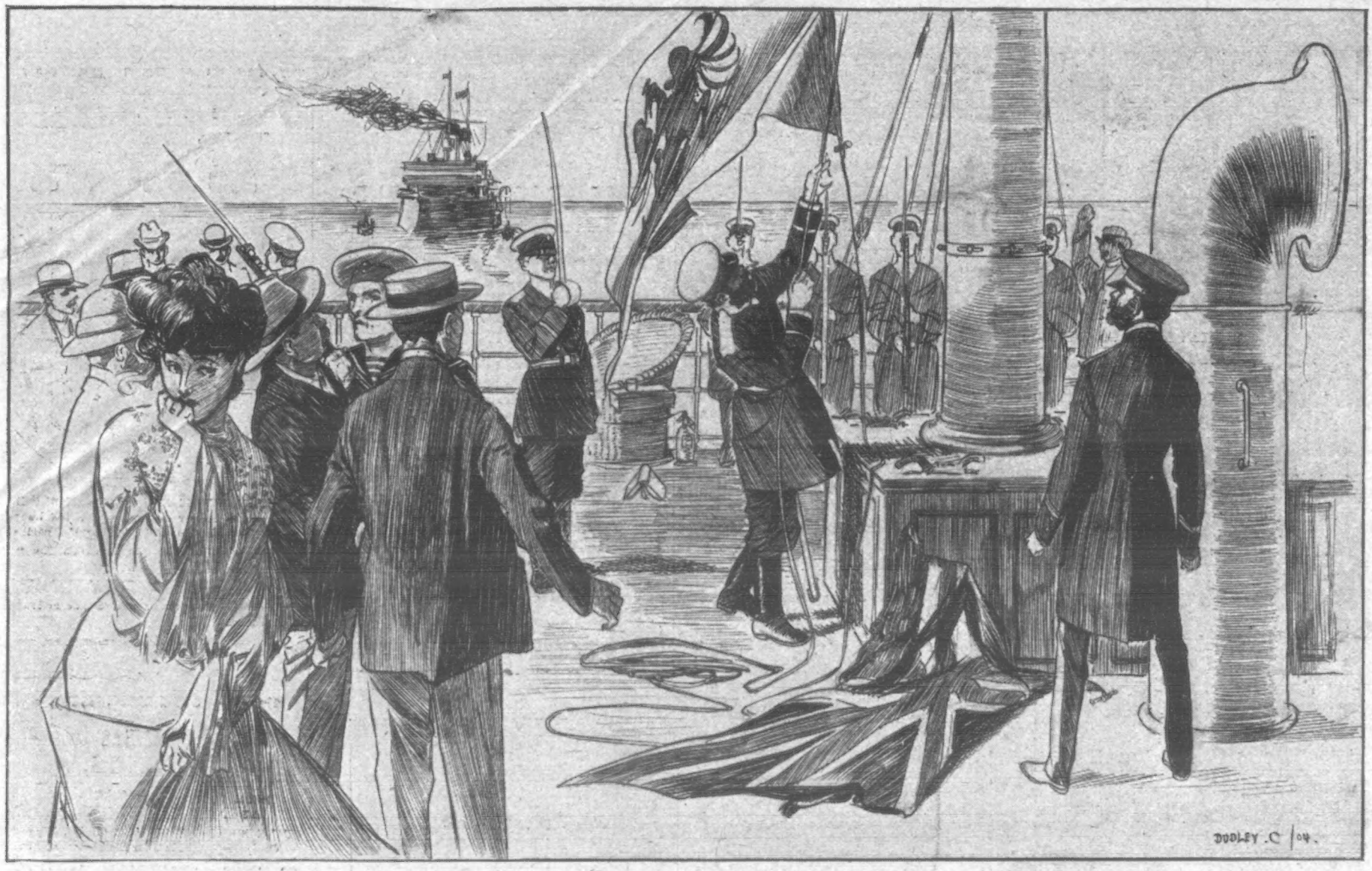


THE SEIZURE OF THE P. AND O. LINER "MALACCA": RUSSIANS HOISTING THEIR FLAG AFTER HAULING DOWN THE UNION JACK.—*(See "The Story of the War.")*

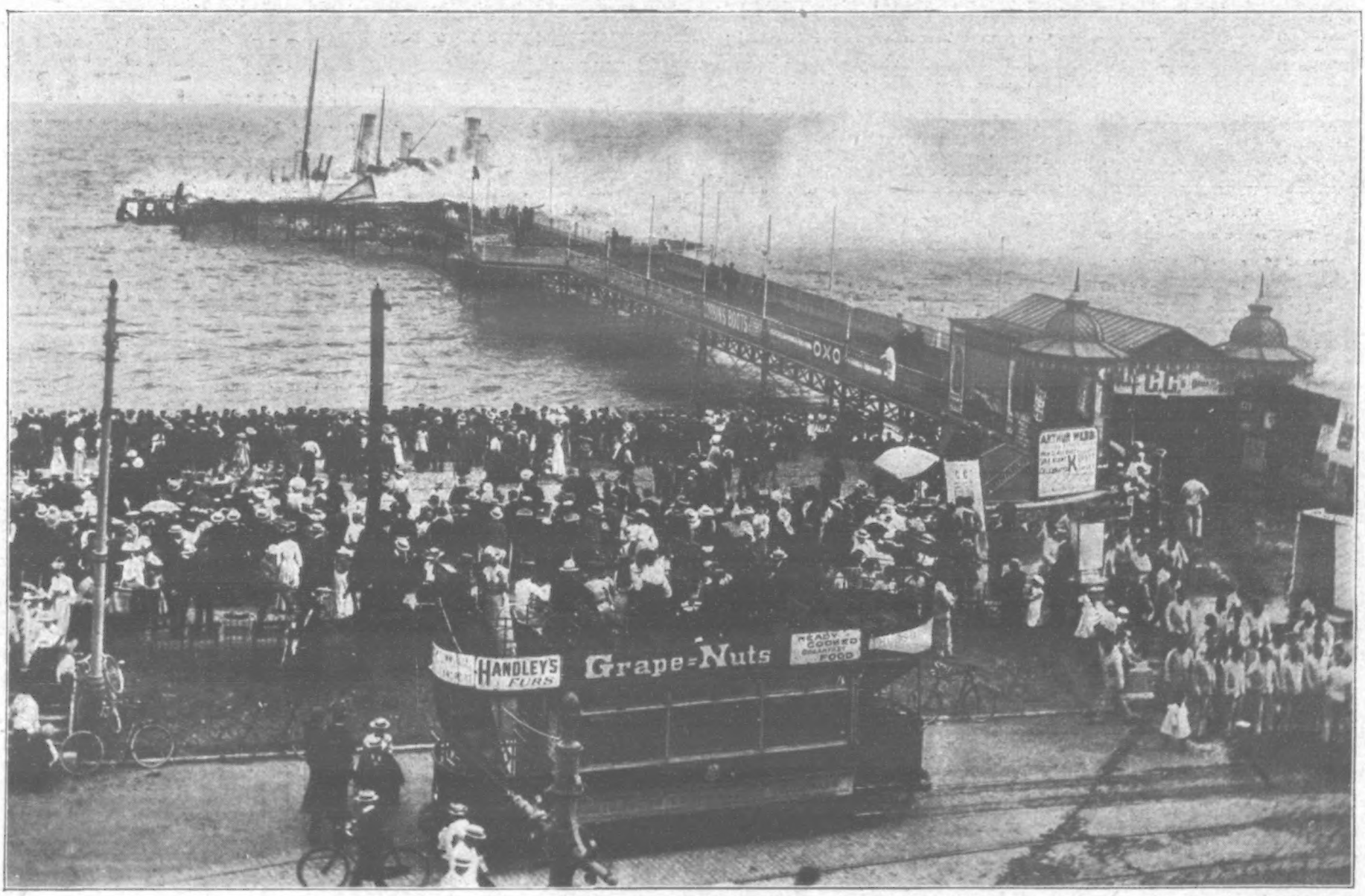


Photo. Russell.

THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT SOUTHSEA: THE BURNING OF THE SOUTH PARADE PIER LAST WEEK.

The fire broke out during a concert, and some of the performers had difficulty in escaping. Luckily no lives were lost, but the Pier Pavilion was completely destroyed.

NIGHT ATTACK ON A JAPANESE OUTPOST: RUSSIANS STORMING A GUARD-HOUSE AT KHUDIANZA.

(See "The Story of the War.")

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

THE death of Mr. Wilson Barrett is the event of the theatrical week, and will occasion deep regret in the minds of thousands of playgoers. The late Mr. Barrett was no ordinary man. He was one of the most energetic men I have ever met, and one of the most honourable and high-minded. As an actor, author, and manager, he possessed the highest qualities, and in every department of social life he was most estimable. His "Sign of the Cross" has made the tour of the world, and its moral effect has been as remarkable as its theatrical success. I remember a theatre in the provinces where nearly a score of clergymen assembled to witness the drama. As for "The Silver King," that piece may be set down as the most popular of all modern dramas, and Mr. Wilson Barrett played the chief character splendidly. In Shakspere he was perhaps too impulsive; but I have never seen Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet" rendered more perfectly. His latest play, "Lucky Durham," was to have been performed this autumn. It has already met with great success in the provinces. Mr. Barrett first appeared at Halifax, and his death resulted from an operation performed to relieve an internal ailment. He was but fifty-eight years old, an early period in these days when men live to a great age; but no doubt his intensely active career hastened his death, for he never took any rest or recreation. He was always busy writing, acting, managing, and travelling abroad or at home.

THE LATE MR. WILSON BARRETT,

As Pete in "The Manxman," One of his Favourite Parts.

I have just learned that "Lucky Durham," the latest play of Mr. Wilson Barrett, will shortly be produced at the Comedy Theatre with a popular actor in the part of the hero. The bulk of Mr. Barrett's company will appear in the play—a great advantage, as they have been trained by the author.

Herbert Campbell was laid at rest in Abney Park Cemetery on Friday last, in presence of an immense crowd of friends and admirers. An inquest was held upon the body owing to the deceased having met with an accident, which, beyond all question, hastened his death. He was a most amusing performer and a very kind-hearted man, especially to children. At pantomime rehearsals at Drury Lane he was a great favourite with the little folks engaged. A few years ago, when a crowd of juveniles were representing various birds, Herbert Campbell had to pass through the group, and he was greeted with a shrill cheer, which was more grateful to the comedian than a round of applause from playgoers.

Death has been busy in theatrical and music-hall circles alike. The last of the "Lion Comiques," Mr. Arthur Lloyd, passed away at Edinburgh, the city of his birth. Sydney Smith's joke that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head did not hold good in the case of Arthur Lloyd, who overflowed with drollery that was appreciated by all classes—even by Royalty. If I could spare space to enumerate Mr. Lloyd's comic songs I should have to mention some of the most popular of modern ditties. They were taken from all sources, and I remember "Not for Joseph" as the principal theme in Beethoven's famous trio, op. 97, for piano, violin, and violoncello. It was singular how well the melody of the great German composer fitted the irresponsible verses of the music-hall song.

The Britannia Theatre remains unsold. The reserve price was fixed at the moderate sum of £8000; but the biddings did not reach that amount. No doubt the theatre will soon find a purchaser, for to an enterprising lessee it would certainly be a bargain at the price named. Melodrama hot and strong would always attract at the Britannia, no matter the time of year.

"The Taming of the Shrew" will follow "The Prayer of the Sword" at the Adelphi. As I do not anticipate a lengthened career for "The Prayer of the Sword," I will mention at once the chief performers who will appear in the Shaksperean comedy. Miss Brayton will be seen as Katherine, and Mr. Asche will represent Petruchio. This choice of performers is, I think, a most happy one, for I know of no actress at the present time more qualified than Miss Brayton to play Katherine; and Mr. Asche will, I am certain, be an excellent Petruchio.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier intends to produce a new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones when he reopens the Garrick in September.

Messrs. Harrison and Maude open at the New Theatre on August 30 with a new farcical comedy by Messrs. Parker and Jacobs. I am told that a most amusing character is provided for Mr. Cyril Maude. "The Beauty and the Bargee" is the title of the play.

Miss Ada Reeve will undertake a short campaign of management on her own account in September next at the Criterion, "The Duke of Killicrankie" finding a new home at Wyndham's Theatre for a time. She will present the three-act comedy "Winnie Brooke, Widow," which has been very successful in the provinces.

"The Master of the King's Company" will follow "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" at the Imperial. The story relates the adventures of an actor who quits the stage to become a soldier during the Civil Wars. Mr. Waller has, I hear, a splendid part, and as he is always so excellent in a military character, I expect he will again be very successful in the new play.

Mr. W. L. Courtney is adapting "Le Dedale" for Miss Olga Nethersole, who is arranging for a West-End theatre to produce the piece, which will exercise Mr. Courtney's utmost skill in order to satisfy the Censor. But some of our writers are very clever in turning Parisian purple into English cream colour, and Mr. Courtney is one of these.

I hear that Mr. Van Biene is a man of fortune, and he had need be if he intends to build twelve new theatres at a cost of £20,000 each. But I shall believe in the scheme when I see one of the theatres started. As yet I have not heard of any foundation-stones being laid.

Photo. Crib.

DICKENS'S BIRTHPLACE AT PORTSMOUTH,

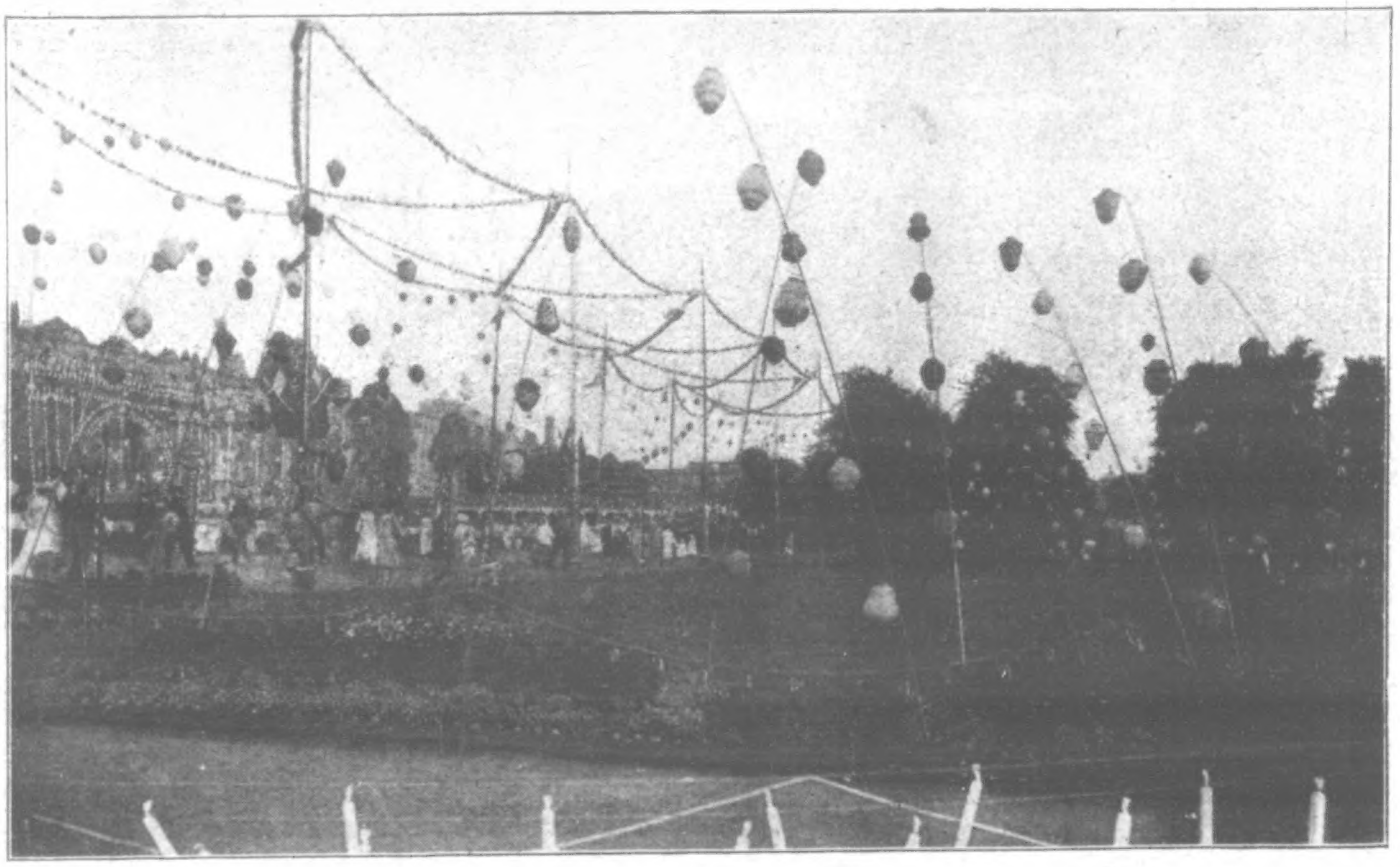
Which has been Purchased by the Corporation and which was Opened as a Dickens Museum on July 23.

"The Duchess of Dantzig" goes on tour in August with the original cast, save in one instance—Miss Billie Burke having joined the company since the production of the opera.

The first production of "The Colleen Bawn" took place at the Adelphi in September 1860. I remember it well, and have not forgotten the Irish priest (Father Tom), played by Mr. Stephenson, who, with his wife, is living still, and will celebrate the fifty-ninth anniversary of their wedding on Aug. 16. These fine old-stagers are turned eighty years of age, and have, I am glad to say, a pension from the Royal General Theatrical Fund.

I hear that it is not unlikely that we may have revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy. I sincerely hope it may be so. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan opened up a new school of comic opera, and the composer was called "the English Offenbach." But how inappropriate the designation was! The skirts of St. Cecilia were never dragged through the mire of impurity by the English musician, while Offenbach was by no means scrupulous in that respect. I saw Madame Schneider play leap-frog over the back of the Prime Minister in "The Grand Duchess." The Gilbert and Sullivan operas were pure and refined, while genuinely funny.

THE PROMPTER.



AT EARL'S COURT: VIEW OF THE WESTERN GARDENS DURING THE AL-FRESCO FETE AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION LAST WEEK.

With their Thousands of Lanterns and Fairy Lights, the Gardens Presented a Scene of Sheer Delight to the Vast Number of People Attending.

"ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN," AT THE GARRICK.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I AM in a new World of Women at present over which Fashion has no power, even in the way of bathing-costumes, for in this quiet but not dull place women do not appear to patronise dressy attire for their daily public bath. Blue serge, trimmed with a little white or scarlet braid, suffices for their needs, and I think they are quite wise not to wear flashy garments in the water which attract the attention of the lookers-on. It was a relief to get out of London and its all but unbearable heat. Here, on the East Coast,

It is Cool and Pleasant,

and it has never been very hot, I am told. I wonder how the prophets feel who foretold so dogmatically a succession of ten wet, cold summers? I believe there has not been quite rain enough in some parts of England; but in others the heavy downpours which fell, with severe thunderstorms, have done some injury to the crops, while property suffered in London from the effects of Monday's storm. I see that John Noble, about whose excellent goods I have written many times in the *P.I.P.*, has arranged what he calls very truthfully "a unique collection of seaside

Necessities" for Holiday-Makers

and tourists generally. It is possible to get at 99, Brook Street Mills, Manchester, a very nice tailor-made holland costume, consisting of a well-cut skirt and small sac coat, twenty inches long, with neck, front, and sleeves piped neatly with white. This costume, well finished throughout, is sold for 10s. 6d. in stock sizes, and made to ladies' own measurements in washing fabrics for 15s., 17s. 9d., and 20s. A pretty ivory-white blouse made of Japanese washing silk and trimmed with insertion, lace, and tucks; collar and cuffs of lace insertion, and a stitched black velvet belt is 4s. 11½d.; the belt is 1s. 1d. extra. It is worth while to write for catalogue and price list of these useful and inexpensive holiday garments; everyone who has once dealt with John Noble knows that he gives first-class material at a very low price. In sending him an order write name and address very distinctly, and copy carefully the number of the model you have selected. Enclose cheque or postal order and twopence extra for the carriage, and then there will be no mistake.

A friend has sent me recipes for some wholesome and

Refreshing Cool Drinks

for hot weather. The first is a capital drink to make for a summer supper-party in town or country. It is called "Maraschino Punch," and it is made as follows. Boil together one quart of water and one pound of granulated sugar for five minutes. Then add the grated rind of two lemons and four oranges to the syrup. Boil again for five minutes and then strain through a muslin (thick muslin) cloth. Add next to the juice of the lemons and oranges one quart of cold water, two peeled and sliced tangerine oranges, one peeled and sliced banana, one quarter of pineapple sliced finely, and from twenty to thirty sweet water Spanish grapes cut in two, and with the seeds taken out; also, a pint bottle of Maraschino cherries and their liquor. Pour the whole into a large bowl and ice it from the outside. If the ice is put inside it will make the punch very weak and watery. Put the bowl (an old-fashioned punch-bowl would be the best) on a large dish, and pile some ice on the dish and round the bowl. A drink less costly and troublesome to make is "apple-water." To make it peel and core six large apples, which should be rather tart in flavour; cut them in slices, place them in a jug, with a little lemon juice and a little sugar, and pour over them a quart of boiling water. Drink cold. Another recipe is to stew down apples until very well done—a little more done than for eating as stewed apples—then squeeze them with their liquor through a cloth, add a little lemon juice and sugar.

Barley-Water,

with or without sugar or lemon, is a very wholesome and refreshing drink. It is not wise to drink a quantity of very, very cold fluids in hot weather—that is, a big drink of cold water or iced liquor of any kind is apt to upset the stomach. Iced drinks, or anything cold, should be swallowed slowly. Cold boiled milk and plain cold water taken slowly will quench thirst more quickly than a big iced drink.

Several readers have written to ask me if they should take much exercise when they go for their holidays to seaside or country. I answer certainly not if they have been doing sedentary and indoor work ever since holiday-time the year before. Short walks, with plenty of rest in the open air, is the thing for weary and brain-fagged people. It is a great mistake to rush about sightseeing in strange places. But everyone should be in the open air as much as possible. There is nothing like it, and if there is a fresh breeze blowing, as there is generally at the seaside, they should

Sit in the Sun

and take long and deep breaths of the pure, clean, fresh air. Breathe through the nose, not the mouth, and feel that the deep breath taken comes from the part of the body that will swell out the ribs as you breathe, not merely, as so many do, from the top of the lungs.

Tattooing is so connected with freak shows that it is difficult to associate it with the

Toilet-Table Mysteries

of the lady of fashion, says *London Opinion*. Yet recent disclosures reveal that the rosy bloom that adorns the face of the beauty of to-day very often is the outcome of a visit to the tattooer, who by a multitude of pin-pricks paints permanent roses upon pale faces; the only drawback being that unless the operation is entirely successful, there is the risk of the tattooed complexion turning in time to an undesirable and pale shade of mauve!

What would Society do without its

Fads and Crazes?

They are the playthings of the grown-ups, and every whit as necessary as toys are in the nursery. The latest is the impromptu entertainment. Hostesses, following the fashion set by Mrs. Arthur Paget and Lady Barrymore, now give invitations extending over hours instead of days or weeks. Another craze of the season is "the children." Nurseries have been invaded, smart parties given, children have been called upon to act as bridesmaids, entertainers, and sellers at charity functions. Rival boy and girl violinists are the darlings of the musical set, and now comes a little girl soprano, who is the latest wonder, being able to reach the top G, a feat hitherto only performed by Melba and Patti.

Society has come to regard the holiday season as an excuse for

Doing a Cure.

Fashionable life makes such demands upon its victims that it is doubtful if half the women who are obliged to work for their living lead such an injurious nerve-racking existence as the delicately nurtured ladies of Mayfair. The result is that not only their health, but their holiday is sacrificed, and instead of exploring fresh woods and pastures new, the off-season is spent working hard at the latest cure recommended by the doctors as an antidote for the nervous wear and tear and the unhealthy surroundings amid which they have been living. The fashionable Society woman apparently spends her holidays either in her bed or in a bath.

As I am now out for a holiday, but not able to

Give Up Work Altogether,

I am going to steal just a few minutes each day by doing a little less than usual, and so the "World of Women" may be just a few lines shorter than when I am home. I am sure my kind readers will forgive MARGUERITE.

A JAPANESE TEA-GOWN.

THIS LOUNGING-ROBE IS MADE IN VELVET WITH A QUILTED-SILK FRONT; THE WHITE UNDERSLEEVES ARE EMBROIDERED IN A JAPANESE DESIGN, AND SO IS THE UNDERSKIRT.

A YACHTING COSTUME.

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Fortune for Stourbridge Pauper. — William Thompson, seventy-five years of age, who for the past three years has been an inmate of the Stourbridge Workhouse, is, with two of his cousins, claiming a fortune of £50,000. Property was left by his grandmother, who died sixty-two years ago without making a will. Her son, the father of Thompson, did not attempt to establish his claim, and the property was sold. The money realised—about £50,000—has since been lying in Chancery. A London firm of solicitors last week requested Thompson and his two cousins to attend at Somerset House to give evidence in support of their claim, which is being investigated by the officials.

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ANNUAL SALE, 362,000 BOTTLES.

THE JEWELS OF PRINCESS VALDA.

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL.

Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "Gunner Jack and Uncle John," "An Angel Unawares," "The End of the Story," &c.

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CHAPTER XVI.

AND it was so, when Marshlands found itself deserted by Princess Donatowski and the Armytages, that it turned and rent them with the full virulence of a small provincial town. Nothing was bad enough that could be conjectured as to their departure and the broken-off marriage—no judgment too harsh for the people who had so greatly disappointed great expectations. And among it all Letty Hanbury walked white and stately, with a look on her face that not even her oldest friends dared question. Ray was ill again, with a bad cold and a touch of fever, or she would have gone over to the Fosters at Kessingland, to be out of the way of the gossips. Mrs. Hanbury had a sharp word or two for Beck, and a mysterious shake of the head as she replied to the condolences of her neighbours.

"It was a mercy that we found him out in time, for Letty is well rid of a worthless husband."

Valda had left Marshlands abruptly the day after the scandal of the interrupted wedding, and since Ollerton Towers emptied itself of its inhabitants the same day, it was naturally said by those who knew nothing that they were gone together; and perhaps even Letty herself believed it, as she packed away her new clothes in her drawer, and told herself that she ought to feel more miserable than she did.

Cissie had been packed off to stay with a maiden aunt in the depths of the country, for, as Mrs. Hanbury argued, "she had done more than her share of mischief, and now, like a young tortoise, she must be tethered by the leg." The deserted houses, with the blinds drawn across the windows, were all that remained to remind Marshlands of the high society they had so recently enjoyed; but Valda's landlord at least had no cause to complain, for he received a cheque for the full amount of the Princess's rent, and an intimation that he was at liberty to relet the house at once, which he promptly did to his great satisfaction.

Dr. Hanbury was sitting in his smoking-room three days after the abrupt termination of his daughter's wedding. He had been quieter even than usual since the day he had brought Letty home from church after the insult of Beck's absence, but not one of his patients, even the most inquisitive, dared question the stern dignity of his manner. There were a few more grey hairs on his temples perhaps, for he had suffered in secret over the outraging of his child's pride, and Mrs. Hanbury had galled the wound till it was raw.

"There is a young person to see you, Sir," said the little maid at the door. "She wouldn't give no name, and she is in the surgery."

The doctor was accustomed to a constant variety of visitors, and he rose mechanically and changed his smoking-coat; then, with his best professional air, went to interview his patient. She was standing under the gas-jet, surrounded by the shelves of bottles and specimens in glass jars, with one hand on the bureau at which Dr. Hanbury had written his prescriptions for so many years. He looked critically at her, and saw that she was a tall woman with a striking face of not entirely natural ivory whiteness. Her magnificent eyes, blistered round the lids, were heavy with tears, and she looked at the doctor with a fierce defiance as he came in that put him on the alert. Her gown proclaimed her of a different class from the ordinary Marshlands folk, with its cut and style that suggested London; and, indeed, her whole stamp was one that made the doctor stare at her in wonder.

"Are you Dr. Hanbury?"

She was fighting with her tears, he saw, and her voice was roughened by weeping.

"Yes, I know you are. I want justice, though you cannot give it to me, but, still, you can tell me where the Armytages have gone, for you have a better right to know, if report says true, than anyone."

The doctor looked swiftly at her, for he felt the tragedy underlying her words.

"I know nothing of their whereabouts, and, please Heaven, I hope that I and mine may never set eyes upon them again."

"Oh—lies the land so?" said the woman thoughtfully. "It was your pretty daughter that the villain Beck was to have married."

"Do you know anything about him?"

Dr. Hanbury was suddenly impelled to curiosity, for probably this woman had the best right to know Beck's character, and it would at least be far more satisfactory to discover something definite about him.

"I have been the lodge-keeper at Ollerton Towers for a few weeks; but, more than that, I am the wife of Octavius Armytage, and he cannot disprove it in spite of all the certificates in the world being lost. It is a wicked family, and if I find my husband again I vow I will make his life a hard one, for he has deserted me without a penny, and I was fool enough to believe in him."

Dr. Hanbury pushed her a chair. "Sit down and tell me what you know about the Armytages. I am naturally curious, and I may perhaps be able to help you."

"I have a brother who is none too clean-handed in his life," said Annabel Francis, sitting down, with her eyes upon the doctor's face, "and he and Beck Armytage were hands together on the same sailing-ship, and they murdered an old Jew for some diamonds he carried, and threw him overboard. Then Beck Armytage disappeared, and my brother Ben found him living here as a gentleman; but the jewels belonged by right to the Russian Princess who came down here to follow him: and Ben told me that the reason she came to Marshlands was to ruin him body and soul; for the jewels were her fortune, and she dared not claim them openly because they are forfeited to the Russian Government, her husband being in Siberia. It appears that she prevented the marriage, but I don't know if it was her doing that drove him away."

"Good Heavens!"

A light seemed to flash suddenly in upon the doctor's mind.

"Then she was not in love with him, Mrs. Armytage?"

"She?" Annabel's scornful laugh rang through the room. "Ben, my brother, said that he never saw a woman so wicked mad for revenge. He says that when he told her about Beck Armytage, he would not have given a snap of his fingers for the chance of the man's life if she had seen him at the moment. Only afterwards she said, quite low and vicious, that there were better ways of hurting a man than killing him, which Ben quite agreed with, and he is on his track now, and not for all the money on earth would I be Beck Armytage if Ben Loates ever finds him."

"What will he do to him?"

The doctor's voice was tense and low, for he suddenly saw the whole affair as it had really been—a vein of horrible drama underlying the placid current of Marshlands life, and he thanked Heaven for delivering innocent Letty out of so terrible a position.

"What will he do to him? He will kill him slowly and dreadfully, and watch him die inch by inch, laughing at his pain—that is to say, if Ben ever finds him, for the whole Armytage family has left England now."

"And what are you going to do?"

"To wait," said Annabel, with a sinister laugh, "and to go back to my place in the chorus at the Papillon. I only wanted to ask you if you knew anything, and perhaps to let you know the truth."

She rose and held out her hand.

"Good-bye," said the doctor, moved to sudden pity. "If I can ever be of some use let me know."

"No one can help me," she returned. "We are going to London by the first train to-morrow, my poor old father and me. I have no one to trust in but my brother, and he does not care much for anyone but himself."

She passed out into the night, a thing of the night, and Dr. Hanbury shut the door behind her. Then he called sharply—

"Lettice!"

The door of Ray's room opened, and the girl came out; and, watching her come towards him downstairs, he realised how much she had changed in the past few weeks. He drew her into his room, putting his arms tenderly about her.

"What is it, father?" she said, looking anxiously into his face. "Surely no fresh trouble?"

"My dear, I think that we have misjudged a woman who never showed you anything but kindness—I mean Princess Donatowski."

"Oh, father, I wish I could think so! Tell me what you mean."

And when he related to her the history of his interview with Annabel Francis, Letty gave a little cry of joy.

"I am so glad—so glad. Poor thing, she is as untutored and passionate as all those Russians are, and now I must find her to ask her forgiveness. There was something strange about her manner, I thought, but everything hurts me far less when I feel that she was not a traitor to me."

"You cannot find her, I fear. She has gone away and left no address, even at the post-office. Her Russian servant paid all outstanding debts, and said he would return before many weeks to collect letters that might be waiting at the post-office."

Letty's face fell. "She will never forgive us for misunderstanding her."

"She is a sensible woman, and will realise that her behaviour must have appeared to us inexplicable."

"She is a foreigner, and has not the same levelheadedness as we have. What we should think strange would be ordinary to her own ideas."

"Then we must leave her," said the doctor, with a touch of impatience, "for I did not bargain for all this Sherlock Holmes sort of affair in my old age. Do you think we shall ever be the same as in the old days again, little daughter?"

"Oh, yes, father," said Letty, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "Things always come right in the end."

"Letty!" He caught her by the shoulders and twisted her round under the lamp, so that her clear eyes looked into his. "Tell me the truth—did you love this man they call Beck Armytage, whatever his real name may be?"

"Beck Armytage!"

The name called up within her the blue of the summer sea and the agonised eyes of the hunted man, the bare hospital ward, and the savage eyes of the man in the narrow bed who had told her to shun any man who bore such a name. He had brought a cloud into her life, and she knew now what a merciful release she had had. It was on the edge of her tongue to tell her father all the memories bound up round the name of Beck Armytage in her thoughts; but she reflected again that such a revelation would do no good, and perhaps distress him doubly at the thought that his daughter had been brought into such intimite relations with a man whose past was criminal. So she answered the question quietly, and he, seeing the sudden flood of terror in her eyes, thought that he had hurt her by referring to the past.

"No, father, I never loved him really."

"One more question, darling. Was there—was there anyone else?"

The imploring tenderness of his voice, the agony lest his child should have been hurt in her most sacred feelings, brought the truth to her lips.

"Yes, father, only he went away and never spoke," she said, very simply.

"Was it Kenneth Bristow?"

Letty bent her head.

"I am glad," said her father, releasing her. "It is better for you to have loved a good man than to have had one tender thought for Beck Armytage."

Princess Donatowski changed her rooms when she returned to London, so that she might be free from every old association, and took up her abode within an easy distance of her brother's flat in a small hotel off Victoria Street. She had grown much thinner and paler in the past weeks, for she had suffered in mind and body from the scenes through which she had passed. She sat thinking over her misunderstandings with the Hanburys. She missed Letty's friendship, and she felt that her plan had miscarried so miserably. If she could have made Letty happy at any cost to her own self she would have done it, and the thought that in her headlong impulse she had only hurt Letty's pride in the most cruel fashion, without satisfying entirely her own desire for revenge, was very terrible to her.

It was dusk, and she had not lighted the lamps, so that only the flicker of the fire and the glare from the street lamps opposite illuminated the room. She was in a grey gown that hung loosely on her thin figure, and her hands were clasped on her lap while she turned her wedding-ring idly round and round. She was in a softened mood that was at variance with her usually highly wrought temperament, and she regretted that she had betrayed Beck's movements to Ben Loates only two days before in a brief letter that had seemed the sum and embodiment of her revenge. She knew that the letter had reached him, for Dmitri had put it into his own hand.

She was almost inclined to be sorry now that she had given him over into the power of his enemy so completely, for Dmitri had tracked the Armytages to the ship, and discovered the day that they had sailed ostensibly for Australia, having given up all thought of seeking safety in England. She felt at the moment, with sudden weakness, that revenge was a poor thing, and turned half impatiently to touch the electric light with a half-formed resolution of writing to Letty to express her sorrow and her wish for forgiveness. As she did so the door opened with a sudden flash of light from outside, and closed again as quickly.

"Dmitri!" she said; then, with a sudden sense of fear: "Oh, Stepan, is it you?"

"Valda!"

The voice brought her to her feet, shaking in every limb. "Oh, Heavens, is this my punishment? It is too heavy—it is more than I can endure!"

"Valda!"

The voice rose to a half-imploring cry, and she switched on the light with trembling hands. In the corner of the room stood a man, tall by nature, but bent and stooping, and moving with difficulty. He threw off his coat, that muffled him from head to foot, and then stood looking into Valda's eyes with a look in which fear was blended with wonder and a great longing. His face was seamed and lined as the face of a man of eighty years, and the hand he suddenly held out to her was maimed, with a red scar across the back.

"Valda!" he cried again, with the passion of a lost soul, "you have not forgotten me?"

His voice loosed the chain that bound her as if by stern magic, and with a great cry she ran forward and caught him in her arms.

"Ivan! Oh! Ivan, my husband—is it you—can it be you?"

"Ah, darling—sweetheart wife!" he said in his tender Polish tongue, "it is I. Siberia could not keep me from you. Good Heavens! Have I killed her?"

But joy never kills, and Valda had only fainted on his breast.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was a long time before the Princess could realise that her husband was with her in the flesh. Never in the whole course of her sad experience had anyone escaped from the dread country that swallows up the living in an icy tomb, and she listened to the recital of his hairbreadth adventures from the moment that he realised the existence of a friend among his warders until the instant that he crossed the frontier and knew that he was safe.

"England will serve me now for the rest of my days, Valda," he said grimly. "I have no desire to leave it again, and the furthest corner of the country will be the best for me, where at dawn I can hear only the birds, and at eve among the sweet sounds I can forget the rattle of the chains in the sulphur-mines and the thud of the knout as it descends on some shrieking sufferer."

He held out his maimed hand, and she touched it with her lips, with a passion of love in her eyes.

"And you can leave them," she said, in her thrilling voice—"our countrymen, to suffer like this?"

"I have given the best part of my life for my country," he returned. "Let me have a few years to breathe in at peace, and then we will talk again of such matters."

"Ah, Ivan; you shall never leave me again. Where thou goest I will go," and all the woman in her awoke, and patriotism was merged in that womanhood. She encircled his grey head with her arms and drew down his face to her, looking long and earnestly at the features, so changed and disfigured by suffering, that had once been her gay and gallant husband. She had him safely with her again, and Valda, the true woman, hid her brilliant face on his shoulder. He felt her tears upon his hand, and the tremor of sobs that shook her stately figure.

"Why, Valda—Dushka," he said, "we are together again, you and I. We have the wherewithal not to starve, and yet you weep!"

"It is for the days that are gone, Ivan," she answered him passionately, "and that cannot return."

"Rather look forward to those that are coming."

His voice was very tender, for he knew that she had gone through a very whirlwind of trouble that would have killed many women, and might perhaps have affected her more closely had it not been for the spirit of vengeance that animated her.

She told him now, as they sat together, the history of the loss of her jewels, with all the subsequent drama in which she had played so wide a part; told him all, with but the pardonable exception of a few little incidents that had been necessary to the success of her plan, and yet that would have aroused all the fiery jealousy of her husband's nature.

"You have the opal alone out of all the stones? Well, let the others go, Dushka. We have one another, and I had no idea but that the jewels were forfeit to the Government long ago, and consequently in their hands. Believe me, I had no time to regret them."

"But the 'Mountain of Magnificence,' Ivan?"

"Dushka, it was a stone of ill-omen. No one has touched it and thrived yet; and I pity the man who possesses it."

"And I too, now," said Valda, under her breath; "for the man who started yesterday on his track will never leave him until he is dead."

The Prince shrugged his shoulders indifferently. Death meant so little to him, and since he had exploited it in every form, under some circumstances he had come to look on the dark angel as a deliverer.

"If he is a thief he will be no loss."

"But why should the Jew have my diamond?" cried the Princess irritably. "If you and I possessed it, Ivan, we should be rich again, and could go on with our work."

"I could not leave England again, for anywhere but here I should not be safe; and, besides—and, besides"—he spoke very pitifully and so low that his wife was compelled to bend her head to hear him—"I have lost my nerve, Valda. I am not as I was."

He held out his arm, half ashamed, but Valda saw the scar that ran from the tips of the fingers to the crown of his shoulder. She shivered, and laid her warm lips upon it, crying out passionate ejaculations of love in her native tongue—

"Ivan, you shall do no work. We will take a little house in the country, though not at Marshlands, for I could not endure that again; and while I do what I wish, you and Dmitri shall remain in quiet safety—only you will not forbid me to secure the stone?"

"I forbid you nothing, dear wife; only let us remember that separation has cost us much before now."

Valda nodded. The lust of desire for the stone was strong upon her, and her restless nature moved her to undertake that which she knew had elements of danger about its fulfilment.

"You remember the girl I was talking about—little Letty Hanbury, whom perhaps I have loved more than I have cared for any woman for many years. Why should I not take her with me and go abroad, and let the rescue of the stone be only an incident in the tour?"

"Would she come? Hardly, I think, when you went so far as to rob her of her lover?"

"I think that I could persuade her, if I told her the truth. But I will write to her father to-night and explain everything, and he will tell her. I cannot believe that they will continue to be determined against me."

"You shall do as you will," said the Prince, looking into her eyes with the old love that had been there since the first days that he had courted her in her country home; "only it seems to me strange that these things should be of importance to you, while to me they seem nothing since I have you."

"Ah, Ivan, but you come first—the rest is only secondary, and really for you."

"But you come alone with me. You are my life—my all."

Valda gave up two days to the rapture of being with her husband again, for she said to herself

ARTISTS IN AUGUST: SOME PICTURESQUE HAUNTS.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE STORY OF A MEAN MAN

ONCE upon a time there was a Mean Man. He was as mean as he could hold together. He used to spend his days—and these were all he ever spent—in Punching Little Boys on the sly for the pleasure of hearing them holla. He also used to hide round corners of drapers shops and make faces at the babies who were left in their perambulators, so as to get them slapped by their nurses for crying when there was no pin.

This is a portrait of the Mean Man.

Wasn't that mean?

At night-time he never went to bed. He just used to sit up in the dark to save wearing the sheets. But sometimes he used to go out to steal the paint off the lamp-posts.

This is a picture of the Mean Man making faces at a baby. Of course the baby doesn't like it. You can see that by the picture.

Oh! he was a mean person.

But, one day, Mr. Puck, who is Chief of the Fairy Police, got to hear of the Mean Man and his "NEFARIOUS MISDEEDS" (Nefarious Misdeeds is a good word, isn't it?) So he just hooked his finger at the Mean Man—like this—and the Mean Man had to go to him.

This is how "Puck" hooked his finger at the Mean Man. Aren't you glad you aren't mean!
N.B.—Please notice the shake. Our artist charged extra for putting it in the picture.

"Come here!" says Puck, "Come here, Mean Man." And the Mean Man shook like a motor-car that isn't moting.

"Don't be afraid, Silly!" said Puck, "I'm not going to ask you for a subscription. I am only going to give you a copy of No. 1 of my

GREAT NEW COLOURED HUMOROUS JOURNAL,

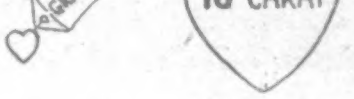
The Novelty of 1904.

The Mean Man took the book, and as his eye fell upon the bright tasteful colours of the front page, his face brightened till it shone like a new shilling. His shabby clothes smartened up. His hat tilted itself over his right ear, and all the mean little crow's-feet that lined his face like a map of Clapham Junction ran into smiles and dimples.

No, Gentle Reader. This is not the Proprietor of "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is the Mean Man after he had finished reading No. 1 of "Puck."

Puck, with his whimsical ways, had crept into his stony heart, which, from the size of a parched pea, instantly grew as large as a football and as good as gold.

Yes! the Mean Man is now an Altered Person. Instead of thumping little boys, he now pats them on the head and rewards them with half-crowns at the slightest excuse. If he meets a baby in a perambulator, he chucks it (he or she) under the chin, and asks the nurse how old it (he or she) is, and how many teeth it has. His soul is now as large as a goods yard and as full of happiness as an excursion train. In short, the only thing he needs to complete his happiness is to know that all the world has followed his example and has read No. 1 of "Puck."



This shows the heart of the Mean Man before reading the first number of Puck's Paper—and after. We shall have to hire the whole of this good paper to show you how large it will be when he has read No. 2.

This is a very fine picture—a long way after Rubens. It represen s the kind Mean Man giving half-a-crown to a dear little boy. Isn't the expression on the boy's face splendid? He knows he's got a scoop!

WITTY!
ARTISTIC!
REFINED!

Puck 1d
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Price Id.

that what was to happen would happen, with all the recklessness of a fatalist, and for no cause would she break into the few hours of new honeymoon that Dmitri watched with such dim eyes of joy. He did not tell her of his brief interview with Ben Loates when he sought him as the bearer of Valda's note, containing all the information that she had to impart as to Beck's whereabouts. Even he, savage in his desires as he was by nature, shuddered at the thought of the look on the wicked face when Ben heard that his enemy had escaped.

Loates had been drinking hard since he had returned from the race-meeting and found Ollerton Towers deserted, but even that fact did not excuse the lurid horrors of his language and the threats that he heaped upon the head of Beck Armytage.

That he had already started in pursuit, with Goldstein, by the overland route to Malta—the first port at which the *Sarawak* was to touch on her long voyage—was without doubt. He was almost certain that Beck had sailed by that vessel. He was absolutely certain that Ben Loates would track him down at last, and bring him to a horrible end. But since some idea of the new feelings that were beginning to stir the heart of his mistress was dawning upon him, he said nothing to her until the forty-eight golden hours were over and Valda had grown accustomed to the thought of her husband's return.

Then he spoke, and his words spurred on the Princess to fresh resolutions. He had meant to delight her by his account of the tortures in waiting for her enemy. He only succeeded in disgusting her.

"You will take care of the Prince, Dmitri," she said as she summoned him to her room the morning of the third day. "I shall be compelled to be absent for a time. I am going to Marshlands. You will be safer in London than anywhere, and in case of trouble you can always appeal to the police for protection. The Prince has done nothing that would extradite him from England."

"But, Princess—Highness, what are you about to do?"

The serf had forgotten himself, and Dmitri the man spoke now with an imploring note in his voice that was new to him.

"You forget your position, said Valda haughtily. "What I do is nothing, less than nothing to you," and she made an imperative gesture to him to be gone. A moment later she repented and called him back again, and he came cringing. "Foolish fellow, take care of the Prince; nothing else matters. I shall do nothing rash."

She extended her hand, and Dmitri kissed it humbly.

"Highness, I am yours till death," he said, with great simplicity. "What you tell me to do is my law, and you know it."

Valda smiled indulgently, for she knew that with him her husband was absolutely safe, since anyone approaching the Prince with malice prepense could only touch him across Dmitri's dead body.

She drove alone to the station and took the train for Marshlands. She had no definite idea of what she was about to do, but this much she knew—that she must see Letty and set the truth before her, asking her opinion as to the next step to be taken in a manner strangely unlike her usual reckless impetuosity.

She drove up to the Fox Holes and engaged a room for the night, disliking the way in which the people of the inn looked at her, and half regretting the impulse that had brought her back to a place still inclined to be more than unfriendly towards her. But when she looked into the eyes of Lettice Hanbury she regretted that impulse no longer, for they were the eyes of a friend.

Letty came to her in the same little room that she had always known as the drawing-room, that might have been pretty had not Mrs. Hanbury lived in it. She came in with a soft rustle of gown, and brought the atmosphere of the country with her, where she had just been walking alone. Her face was pinched and pale above her black cashmere gown, but she smiled faintly when she saw Valda.

"Letty," cried the emotional woman of the North—"oh, Letty!"

She took the girl in her arms, trembling very much, but Letty was quite calm, even frozen in her manner: "If I could ever be glad about anything again, Princess, I could be glad to see you. I knew before that what we had thought about you was untrue, for the woman who lived at the lodge at Ollerton told father. If we had known your address I would have written to you to tell you, but now it seems that nothing matters, nothing—nothing!"

Valda pressed her hand gently. This calm seemed so unnatural to a nature that could not understand anything that was undemonstrative.

"Will you come away with me after a few days, Letty?" she said suddenly. "I am going to the Mediterranean for the early winter, and the change will do you good."

"We will talk about it later," said Letty languidly. "It is very kind of you to think of it."

Dr. Hanbury had an interview with the Princess that lasted an hour, and in the end it was decided that Letty should take the voyage with her friend, though the time of their absence was not to exceed twelve weeks. He had confided to her such part of Letty's poor secret as a clumsy man could relate, and Valda had guessed the rest, and she, for her part, had told him that she regarded it in the light of a penance that she should warn Beck Armytage, if he was lingering on the shores of the Mediterranean, of approaching Nemesis.

"I shall go on to Alexandria," she said, "for we may perhaps go up to Cairo—he would never be so foolish as to linger so near home as Malta."

"But what about Letty?"

"He will do for her what he will never do for me," she said quickly, "and Letty may be able to avert a tragedy."

She did not add, "and regain the 'Mountain of Magnificence,'" though the thought was in her mind.

"Will it not pain her?"

"I have an introduction to most of the Embassies," said Valda softly. "Surely, Mr. Bristow is belonging to the Diplomatic Corps in Paris?"

She knew everything, this Princess with the magic eyes, and she smiled a little as a new look flashed across Dr. Hanbury's face.

"Yes," he said briefly, "but would you be discreet?"

"My dear doctor, I am the most marvellous woman—I am the most discreet of chaperons," cried Valda, with dancing eyes.

"Then, on the understanding that Letty is not troubled, or that her peace of mind is not endangered," said the doctor slowly, "I give my consent, and will answer for her mother. It will be good for the child to get away just now. I think she is on the brink of a nervous breakdown, and your plan seems to be the only way out of it."

Valda felt that his consent was grudgingly given, but she was thankful for it, and she took her leave, having arranged for Lettice to meet her at the end of the week in London, when they would start for the Continent at once.

(To be continued.)

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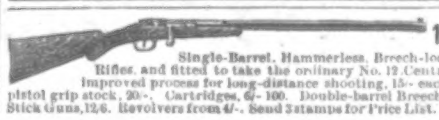

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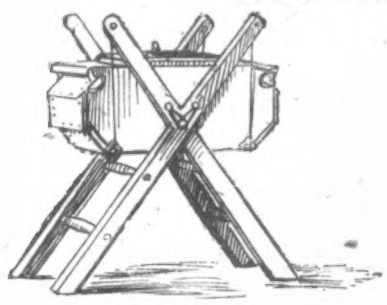
"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

A Model Churn.

I AM often asked to give particulars of a small churn to make from five to twenty pounds of butter, and of the few of this capacity on the market I know of none bearing a better reputation than the Cotswing, a very aptly named appliance. It occupies but little space, is cheap, and so well and simply constructed that it does not easily get out of order. I should caution my readers,

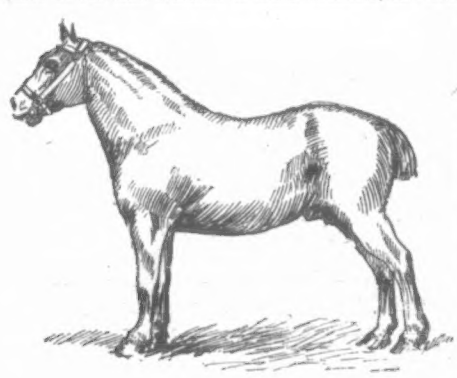


THE COTSWING CHURN.

however, never to allow water, whether hot or cold, to remain in a sycamore churn. After using, cleanse the churn with a dairy brush, and then simply rinse with boiling water: leave the lid off, so that the churn may become sweet and dry as soon as possible. The price of the Cotswing varies, according to the wood of which it is constructed, from £2 17s. 6d. upwards. A size with a capacity for making forty pounds of butter runs up to £4 and upwards.

The Suffolk Punch.

The heavy draught horse associated with East Anglia is certainly worthy of recognition by breeders in other parts of the country. Judged by its many good qualities, it is rather a wonder that the breed is not more generally known. My Durham correspondent, for instance, has never seen a Suffolk Punch, and is anxious to know if it is a light draught breed. I was sorry to note that, at the recent Richmond Show, the classes for the East Anglian variety, which at one time attracted so much attention, had been



A SUFFOLK PUNCH

eliminated, and one looked in vain for specimens of the beautiful golden-chestnut coloured heavy horses. For endurance, strength, and general utility no breed could be better, and should my correspondent seriously think of introducing the breed into his district I would advise him either to visit one of the periodical sales held in the neighbourhood of Ipswich, or to write to Mr. A. H. E. Wood, of Orford, Suffolk.

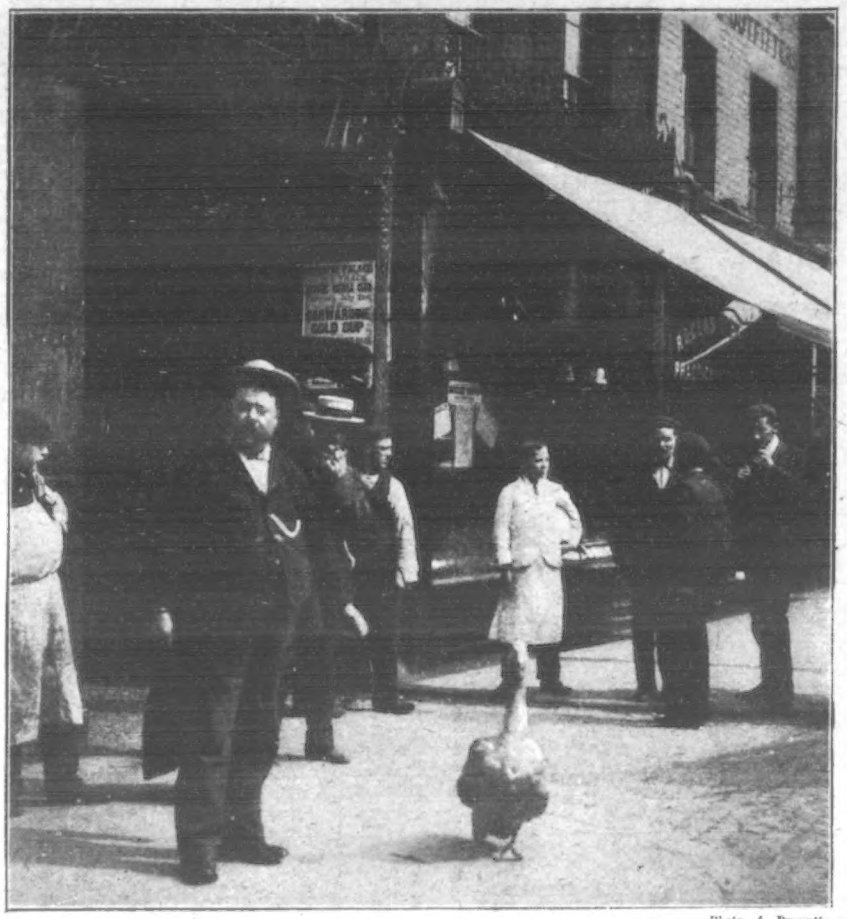


Photo. A. Barratt.

NOT A SILLY GOOSE

NACK, THE TAME GOOSE BELONGING TO MR. REYNOLDS, OF HORSESHOE ROAD, GOSWELL ROAD, LONDON, GOING ON HIS MORNING ROUND OF THE NEIGHBOURING SHOPS, WHERE HE IS GIVEN FOOD. MR. REYNOLDS, WHO IS SHOWN STANDING NEAR THE BIRD, SPENT OVER SIX MONTHS IN TRAINING IT.

Poultry on the Farm.

A large farm offers the best opportunity to keep poultry with little labour and comparatively large profits, but the owner of the large farm is not often much interested in poultry. It is the small farmers, under necessity of making the most of every opportunity to make money on their land, who are attracted by the possibilities of poultry-culture. As personally, and through correspondence, I have for the last six years come in contact with owners and renters of small farms who are trying to make a speciality of poultry, I have found that the greatest impediment to the development of their plans was want of a method suitable to their circumstances. A very large percentage of the small farms are of such dimensions and proportions that the fowls cannot be given liberty except at the risk of their trespassing on the land of neighbours. Because of this, many small farmers interested in poultry have adopted the intensive methods which small poultry-keepers in towns often find necessary, but which large poultry-keepers and farmers ought to avoid. The man who has only a little land, and can use it all for poultry, and could use none of it for anything else, will find intensive methods of poultry-keeping the best for him; but I am convinced, from what I have seen of such plants, that as a rule the proprietors work harder for what they get, and are more tied to their work by the inevitable daily routine than if they had more room and could use an easier system; and I rarely find one of the poultry-keepers who would not gladly change to a location where he could have more room and an easier system.

By the colony system the owner of a large farm will distribute his fowls over the farm, and, by giving them room and range, relieve himself of the necessity of doing for them many of the things which the poultry-keeper who uses intensive methods must do daily. To illustrate: When fowls are confined in small yards the grass is so quickly killed out, or, at best, so soiled by the fowls, that they eat only a little of it, and that little under protest, and do not get green food in quality and quantity proportionate to their needs, unless it is especially given to them. To get greenstuff for a considerable number of fowls so confined sometimes taxes the ingenuity of the keeper, besides consuming time and occasioning more or less cash outlay.

Similarly with meat food. Fowls confined to small yards—either yards that are actually small or those that are small for the number of fowls occupying them—soon exhaust the supply of worms and grubs near the surface, and the occasional flying insects which come within their reach are as nothing compared with what they would get if foraging over a good range. To compensate for this lack the keeper must provide something. Whatever he provides costs something in time or money—often in both.

Thinning Fruit.

The apples and pears have in some places set very thickly upon cordon and bush—apples on the paradise and pears on the quince; also upon some varieties grown as pyramids and bushes on the free stocks. The up-to-date fruit-grower, whose aim is to put on the market a fine quality, must not leave the thickly set fruits all undisturbed on the trees. Some have complained, says a writer in the *Market Gardener*, that their apples were falling off, and when we have inspected the trees we have seen that many more ought to be taken off if the trees are not to be ruined or the fruit produced small and unsaleable in the market. With large standard trees, of course, such work as thinning is almost out of the question, although we have seen some work done even on standards that has well repaid the grower for his trouble. Only a day or two ago we saw a large tree of Pearsgood's Nonsuch apple that had upon it many hundreds of fruits. It would pay the grower over and over again to go over this particular tree and carefully take quite half the fruit off. It is easy to see now, even in the case of late apples and pears, which are likely to develop into the most perfect specimens, so that the best can be left. Care must be taken in removing these fruits that the spurs are not damaged. Some varieties of apples and pears hold very firmly to the trees, and in such cases it will be well to use small pruning-scissors to sever the fruit-stalks. Trees that are too thick in fruit of such varieties as Lord Suffield, Dutch, Keswick, and other codlins, also Lord Grosvenor and Early Victoria, should have half the crop gathered and sent to market, going over the trees twice. This will enable those left to develop. The question of thinning is an urgent one—this we have had particular demonstration of already.

A Fine Window-Plant.

The plant asked about by my Tunbridge Wells correspondent is the Solanum, or winter cherry. It is very

WINTER CHERRY.

extensively grown, and, being serviceable for the embellishment of window-gardens and greenhouses, it certainly merits all the attention bestowed upon it. Most amateurs know the variety by the name of winter cherry. It can easily be raised from seeds grown in the spring, or cuttings inserted at the same time. Grow the young plants under glass or on a window-sill indoors until June; then plant out of doors in light, rich soil. Lift carefully and place in pots in September, using an ordinary compost of loam and leaf-mould, shading and syringing for a few days after the operation. The best varieties are Solanum capsicastrum, Solanum Hendersoni, and Williams's hybrid. All these produce a fine crop of large red berries if properly managed.

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